

The Sketch

No. 870.—Vol. LXVII.

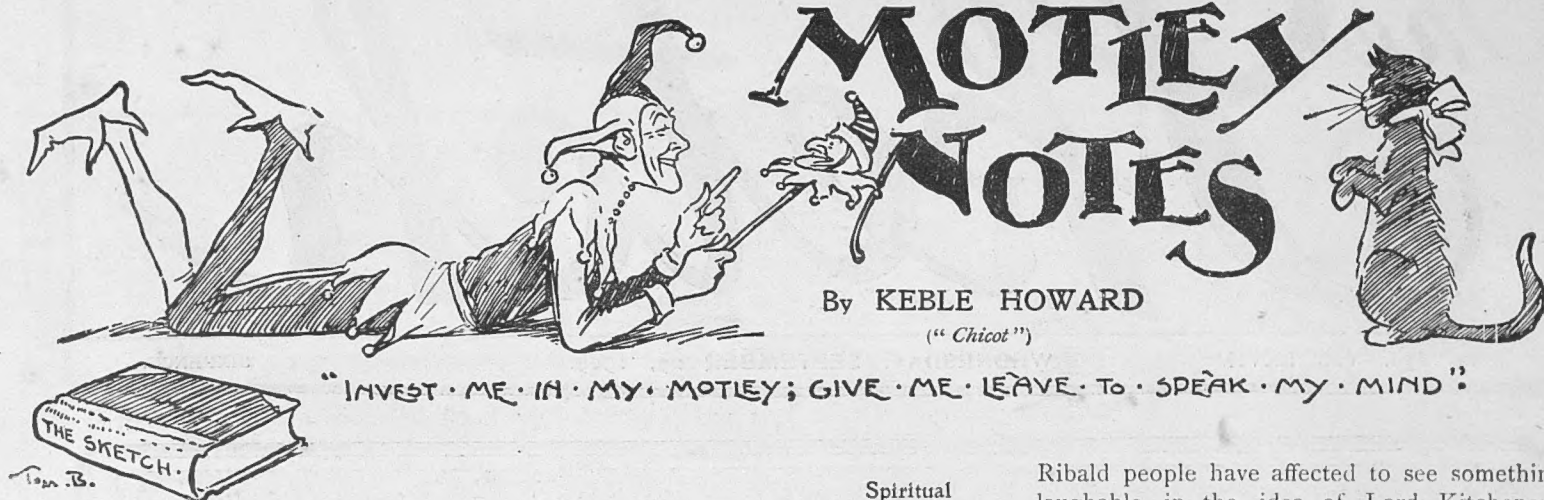
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



WHEN YOU WANT TO KNOW THE TIME—OF THE NEXT ELECTION—ASK A POLICEMAN: MR. A. J. BALFOUR
AND A POLICEMAN LOOKING INTO THE UNKNOWN.

Photograph by the Graphic Photo. Union.



Sir W. S. Gilbert's
"Eliza."

A week or two ago I ventured to say that Sir W. S. Gilbert, by his illustration of "Eliza and the Bath," had silenced for ever the argument of those who maintain that the stage should be as free from censorship as the novel. This sweeping statement, of course, at once put my old friend Mr. Hall Caine on his mettle. Determined to prove that nobody, not even Sir W. S. Gilbert, could silence him on any point so long as there was a breath left in his body, he dashed down to the Committee-room and did his level best to show that Gilbert the Great was quite, quite wrong. "Sir William Gilbert," said Mr. Caine, "chose a most unhappy illustration." He then went on to quote the Eliza illustration in this way: "A novel might say quite harmlessly, 'Eliza slipped off her dressing-gown and got into her bath,' but Eliza could not be allowed to do so on the stage." I am amazed to find that the Committee allowed the quotation to pass. Even Colonel Lockwood, that astute and level-headed gentleman, does not seem to have noticed that Mr. Caine was garbling Sir William's language. Sir William did not say, 'Eliza slipped off her dressing-gown and got into her bath.' Sir William said, 'Eliza slipped off her dressing-gown and stepped into her bath.'"

The Seal of
Fame.

Literary style apart, there is all the difference in the world between the two pictures. Mr. Hall Caine was right enough when he added: "Eliza's action on the stage would only provoke a roar of derisive laughter." Of course it would. You can scarcely imagine an uglier and more coarsely farcical picture than that of Eliza "getting" into a bath. Half the young men in the audience would probably swear lifelong celibacy on the spot. On the other hand, if Eliza "stepped" into the bath as gracefully as Sir William suggested, the play would at once come under the list of those considered unsuitable for young Englishmen to witness—in England. I was anxious to put this matter right because Sir William Gilbert's illustration, as I was bold enough to predict, is evidently destined to become a classic. If anything had been needed to confer immortality upon it in addition to its own aptness and humour, the mere fact that Mr. Hall Caine set to work to destroy it for the benefit of the Joint Parliamentary Committee would have been sufficient. My congratulations to Mr. Caine on being concerned, even indirectly, with so useful and so notable a dictum.

Some Confusion
Here.

There is just one other remark in Mr. Caine's evidence that I should like to examine, if he will permit me to do so. He said: "If the theatre is to be given over to the light, bright, amusing drama of Mr. George Edwardes, I, for one, will buy a besom and take to crossing-sweeping." I find myself rather baffled by this determination. I suppose it means one of two things: either Mr. Caine doubts his ability to earn a living as a writer of light, bright, amusing drama, or he feels that it would be incumbent upon him to make a public protest against the wholesale lightening and brightening of the stage. I am still, however, at a loss. Suppose for a moment, if you can manage it, that Mr. Caine found any difficulty in making a living as a writer of light, bright, amusing drama—would it really be necessary for him to take to crossing-sweeping? I am quite sure that it would pay him better to accept an engagement at the Gaiety. On the other hand, let us grant that it would be incumbent upon Mr. Caine to make a public protest against the wholesale lightening and brightening of the stage—why, once again, take to crossing-sweeping? Within five minutes he would be arrested for causing a block in the traffic. Will Mr. Caine condescend to explain?

Spiritual
Collaboration.

Ribald people have affected to see something laughable in the idea of Lord Kitchener's speech resembling—in certain passages so closely as to be indistinguishable—the address under similar conditions of Lord Curzon. They are, I repeat, ribald people. If they would look a little deeper, they would find great beauty in the incident. That it was not due to the carelessness or malice of an underling I am convinced. That is the obvious view to take of it. For my part, I feel sure that Lord Curzon was present in spirit when Lord Kitchener stood up to deliver his farewell speech. (When I say "his," I mean, of course, Lord Kitchener's farewell speech. At any rate, he made it his, and that comes to the same thing.) I think that the spirit of Lord Curzon descended upon this splendid soldier-man, and helped him to clothe with suitable words the beautiful but naked thoughts imprisoned in his brain. What more natural than that both men, under such circumstances, should have employed the same words, the same phrases? Away with these scatter-brained jesters who would find matter for their shallow mirth in an event so touching and so tremendously significant! Let us hope and pray that it may happen to many orators in many climes—particularly in London after dinner.

"Take Up the
White Man's
Burden."

Few people, I fancy, will deny that we owe, as a nation, a full, ungrudging apology to Dr. Cook, the discoverer of the North Pole. Denmark accepted his story without question; America has hailed him as the hero he is. England, on the contrary, had the bad manners to raise her eyebrows and to sneer. And why? Merely because the name of Cook, as an Arctic explorer, was new to us. We knew all about Peary (or thought we did), but who in the world was this Cook fellow? Discovered the North Pole? Not he! That was our tone. To-day it is almost impossible to meet anybody who does not believe, in his heart, that, after all, Cook was telling the truth. We have been called a proud people, and we are rather flattered by the description. It is a shoddy sort of pride, however, that prevents a man from admitting that he is wrong when he knows it. Another Joint Parliamentary Committee should at once be selected to consider the form of our apology to Dr. Cook and the nature of the recompense. As to the latter, I would suggest, in all humility, a model in gold of Fleet Street on a charger, supported by Miss Maud Allan, Mr. Lloyd-George, and Mr. Bernard Shaw. The gift would commemorate for all time the spirit of this amazing decade.

Without
Comment.

In the meantime, friend the reader, I hope you did not miss the simple little story told by Captain Bartlett, the man who, as Peary admits, did all the pioneer work, but was ordered to return when within a few marches of the Pole. In case you missed your *Daily Telegraph* of last Thursday, here is a brief extract—"Here I had come a thousand miles, and it was only a little more than a hundred more to the Pole. Commander Peary calculated five marches more, and it seemed as if I could make it alone, even if I did not have any food or dogs or anything. I felt so strong that I went along five miles or so, and then I came to my senses, and knew I must go back. . . . One who has not been in the Arctic does not know what it means. There is a strange fascination you cannot resist, and it just draws you. I didn't know I wasn't going to the Pole until the last moment. I thought this time that at last I was going to get there, and then the Commander said I had to go back. . . ." There's the pith of Captain Bartlett's little story, friend the reader. You need not tell me what you think about it.

CROMWELL'S CAVALIER TREATMENT OF A MAID-OF-HONOUR.

MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD ATTIRED AS A CAVALIER IN "A MAID OF HONOUR," AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.



1. MARY CAVE (MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD), DRESSED AS A CAVALIER, APPEALS TO OLIVER CROMWELL (MR. FRANK TYARS) FOR THE LIFE OF HER LOVER, WHO IS A CONDEMNED PRISONER

2. MARY CAVE, DISGUISED AS A CAVALIER, SHOWS CROMWELL A LETTER TO PROVE THAT SHE HAS COME FROM THE ROYALIST CAMP. FROM IT HE DISCOVERS THAT SHE IS A WOMAN.

3. MARY CAVE THREATENS TO SHOOT HERSELF AT THE MOMENT FIXED FOR HER LOVER'S EXECUTION, AND CROMWELL'S ADMIRATION FOR HER COURAGE MAKES HIM RELENT.

At the Queen's Theatre Mr. H. B. Irving's production of "The Bells" is preceded by a charming little one-act play by Mr. Edward Denby, called "A Maid of Honour," in which the principal parts are admirably rendered by Miss Dorothea Baird and Mr. Frank Tyars. Humphrey Bosville, a young Cavalier, is captured by Oliver Cromwell and condemned to death, whereupon his sweetheart, Mary Cave, a Maid-of-Honour to Queen Henrietta, forms a plan to rescue him. In order to carry it out she dresses herself as a young Cavalier, and in an interview with Cromwell succeeds in obtaining the release of her lover.

THE ANCIENT VOGUE OF THE CLASSICAL DANCE:

THE GREEK MAUD ALLANS AND ISADORA DUNCANS.



- 1 "FOOT IT FEATLY HERE AND THERE": A COUNTRY DANCE, FROM THE VATICAN MUSEUM.
2. BACCHUS AND PIUS VI; BACCHANALIAN DANCES ON A BOWL GIVEN BY THAT POPE TO THE VATICAN.
3. WITH KNIFE AND JUG: A SACRIFICIAL DANCE, FROM THE CAPITOL MUSEUM.
4. "CURTSIED WHEN YOU HAVE AND KISSED": BACCHANALIAN DANCE, FROM THE CAPITOL MUSEUM.
5. "A SWEET DISORDER IN THE DRESS": A GREEK DANCING GIRL, FROM THE ATHENIAN MUSEUM.
6. THE GOD OF WINE ON THE HOP: DANCING BACCHUS, FROM THE MUSEUM OF CAMPANO.
7. BACCHIC FRENZY: BACCHANALIAN DANCERS, FROM THE MUSEUM AT NAPLES.

HOW THE MODERN CLASSICAL DANCER DERIVES HER KNOWLEDGE: GREEK DANCERS IN SCULPTURE, USED BY ISADORA DUNCAN AS MODELS.

There is a wealth of material in ancient sculpture and pottery on which the modern exponents of classical dances, headed by Miss Isadora Duncan and Miss Maud Allan, can model their costumes and attitudes, if not their actual movements. It would seem difficult to learn the poetry of motion from the stillness of marble or bronze, and yet there is such life in many of these old sculptures and reliefs that they must be a great inspiration to the modern devotees of Terpsichore, the Muse of Dancing. We illustrate some of the models used by Miss Isadora Duncan, taken from sculptures in the Vatican Museum and the Capitol Museum at Rome, and the Museums of Athens, Naples, and Campiano.—[Photographs by World's Graphic-Press.]

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



Autumnal Hump.

the history of all old families is doocid spotted—whether there was an artist somewhere or other, a mercurial creature who wore his hair long and lay about in a velvet coat and baggy breeches, and talked Savile Club bosh and chiaroscuro, and so on. I repeat that I can't say. There is no record of his interference, no echo of his footsteps, no little story that has been handed down from one generation to another. The fact remains, however, as facts have a most unpleasant way of doing, that at this time of year the same feeling of hump creeps over me—the same insidious sensation of depression, the same unaccountable irritation and regret and damp annoyance. It's what I call the autumn feelin'. What? I mean, that it takes hold of me all of a sudden and always at the same time in the evenin'. That is, just before I go up to change for dinner. For the first time since about the middle of May or so, I find with an unpleasant jump that I can no longer dress by the light of the settin' sun. No. I am obliged to switch on the light. That's the first step to a colossal hump. The second is taken when I poke my head out of window and hear the first faint whisperings of the equinoctial gale creepin' round the chimneys, and hear it movin' the red leaves of the Virginia creeper that has grown for æons on the wall of the house behind mine fallin' plop-plop one after another. I sniff anxiously, hopin' against hope. There comes to me, or I think that there comes to me—it's exactly the same thing—the smell of rain-sagged flowers and rotten cabbage and country mist, and I shiver and draw in my head and shut the window, and I say to myself, with a heavin' sigh, "Autumn is here": another autumn; the year is dyin'! And if that isn't the sort of thing to bring on the hump, perhaps you'll be good enough to up and say what is, d'y'see.

Thicker Pants. And then follows the moment of all moments that I hate mightily—the moment in which I am forced to face the fact that a change must be made in underclothes, the moment when the snigger of autumn pants

I dunno whether I'm odd, or queer, or a bit poetical, or what. I can't possibly say—

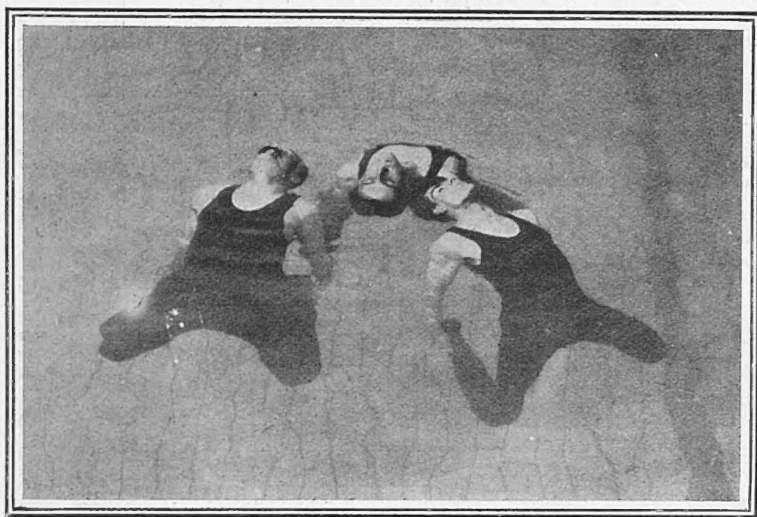
through the months much as a train passes through stations, I take it that any such thing as depression—real, genuine depression—at the sight of thicker pants would seem to be not only absurd and childish, but morbid and a little bizarre. All right. Very well. There it is, d'y'see. I am not to be held responsible for any little accident in my history. I don't know that there *was* one. All I do know is that my forebears were highly conventional people, with what is called a stake in the country, who one and

all would have shuddered at the sight of a poet, and who one and all held that imagination was a disease and that sort of thing, in the right insular way. I confess, then, to something of shame in not bein' able to throw off a yearly feelin' of depression at the drawin' in of nights and the risin' of the mist and the death of summer. I detest Time almost as much as women do. I detest to see the flowers sag and lose their beauty, and grow shapeless and fall. I'm all for youth, perpetual youth. My idea is that men and women should be allowed—oh, I'm gettin' frightfully serious now, oh, but frightfully—to grow to thirty-five in the usual old way and stop at that. I mean, let them touch thirty-five and then let them have the other thirty

or forty years without growin' any older. Consider how much more useful the useful men would be to the country if they could go on bein' thirty-five for forty years. What? Mind you, this is only a suggestion. I don't want it to be adopted hastily. Let a lot of

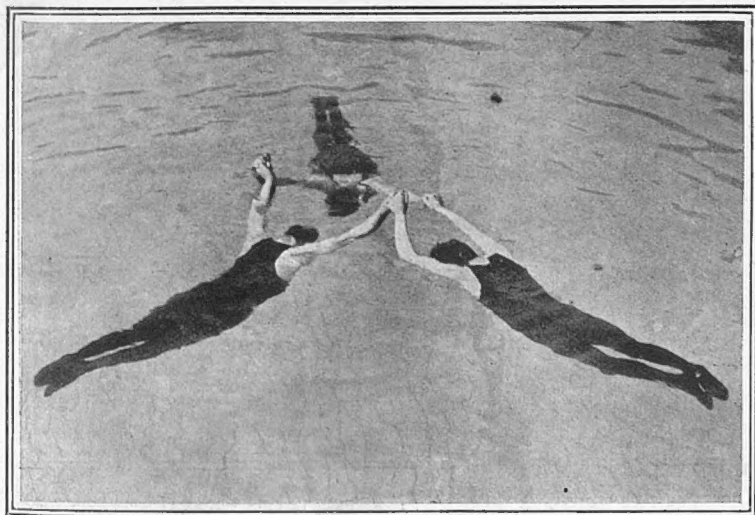
consideration be given to it. Even let the idea go into Committee and let a Royal Commission sit on it and issue a Blue-Book. The evidence of playwrights and actor-managers would make almost as good readin' as their evidence about the abolition of the Censor, which was screamin' good.

However, there it is. I've Autumnal Hump badly, once more. Once more I've taken to thicker pants and thicker suits, and have seen my thin clothes and thin overcoats slip out of my hands. As I leave my rooms to whip round to the Club for dinner—there bein' no dear soul in town to dine me yet, not one—my ears get cold once more, and my nose red, and I am glad of steamin' soup and a glowin' fire, and presently, when I realise that there is an extra blanket on my bed, I am glad again. And all this



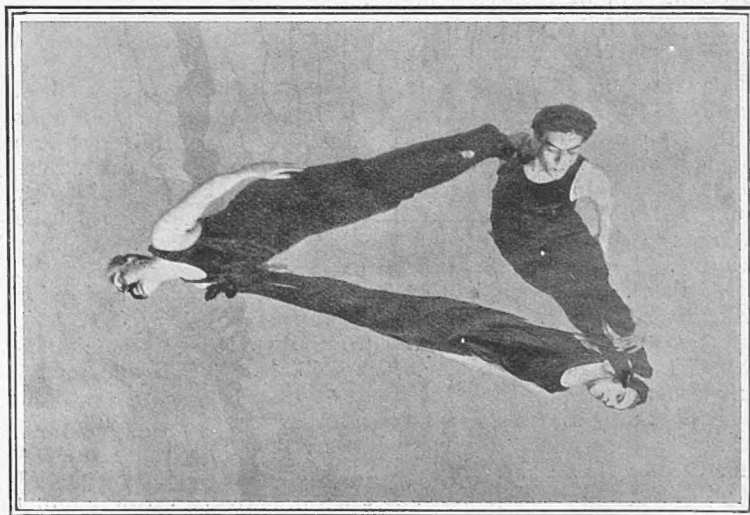
FLOATING A COMPANY—OF THREE: THE FOOT-IN-HAND TRIO.

FANCY FLOATING: THE CURIOUS EFFECT OF REFRACTION.



LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE—IN BECKENHAM BATHS: A HUMAN STAR-FISH.

Some curious examples of the distorting effect of water on the appearance of the human body were shown at an exhibition of floating which was recently given in the baths at Beckenham by Mr. H. R. Austen, the superintendent, and two of his pupils. The photographs remind one strongly of the lanky figures of William the Conqueror and his barons bold in the Bayeux tapestry.—[Photographs by C. J. L. Clarke.]



EUCLID WRIT IN WATER: AN ISOSCELES TRIANGLE.

must be listened to and humbly recognised. And now you'll see what I mean when I accuse myself of havin' the taint of one of the most uncomfortable and suspicious talents in my veins—that of the poet. What? To the ordinary hard-nut who passes

gladness makes me jolly sorry, b'Jove and b'George. Oh, but jolly sorry, for before one can say knife or any other useful word, Christmas, another Christmas, will be on us, and a New Year. I fancy I'll have a bottle of Veuve Cliquot to my own cheek—what?



THE CLUBMAN



A Close Squeak.

Special correspondents with armies in the field often have very unpleasant experiences, but no one has had a more disagreeable one than Colonel Lewis, of the *Times*, and another correspondent, who in Morocco were fired on at close quarters, both by the Moors and the Spaniards. It is the warmest corner, I am sure, that the gallant little Welsh Colonel has ever been in, and he has been in many. He has a mark on his forehead showing where in South Africa a bullet made its entrance and ran half-way round his skull instead of going through it. He, when Governor of an Egyptian province, led his men in one of the fiercest combats of the Soudanese War. A number of the Mahdi's followers had collected on an island, where they thought themselves quite safe from any attack. Colonel Lewis led his little black soldiers, wading and swimming through the river, and attacked the followers of the False Prophet in their stronghold. Retreat to either of the forces meant annihilation, and the combatants fought hand to hand for life. Colonel Lewis and his disciplined blacks got the better of the fanatics, who ceased to exist. Colonel Lewis has lately been with the French army in Morocco, and the Foreign Legion took so kindly to him that he was made an honorary member of that corps of men of all nations

spectators who owned motor-cars. At one place the crest of a bridge over a little river was blocked by two motor-cars, which would not move from their post of vantage, and the people in which argued with an officer, who told them to move on, as they were blocking the march of a column, saying they had as

much right on public roads as the troops had. Our troops should be allowed to deal with obstructionists of this type as the French do. I once, during cavalry manoeuvres in the North of France, saw the breakdown of a motor-car on a road which ran under cliffs alongside a river. A regiment of cavalry, escorting guns, came trotting along the narrow road. The advance-guard passed back news of the obstruction, and the Colonel galloped up. "Move your car on," he said to the perspiring men, who were hammering at some bolt or pipe. "Impossible, my Colonel," said the owner and the chauffeur together. The



AN ENGLISH EMULATOR OF PRINCESS TRUBETZKOI AS OWNER OF STRANGE PETS: MR. B. CHESTER AND HIS TAME WOLVES.

In "The Sketch" for the 15th inst we gave some photographs of Princess Trubetzkoï and her tame wolves. Here we illustrate similar pets with their owner, Mr. B. Chester, of Fremington, who recently took them to Barnstaple Fair.

Photograph by Dixon.

Colonel turned to his orderly officer. "Bring me up fifty men and put this car in the river," and in a very few minutes the car went into the river and sank, sending up a multitude of bubbles. The chauffeur and the owner then had the satisfaction of seeing a regiment of Chasseurs, two batteries of artillery, and a regiment of dragoons go past at a trot on the cleared road. "What are you going to do now?" I asked the owner of the car when the troops had vanished; and he shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands. The two motor-cars on the bridge were probably



GRASS INSTEAD OF SNOW: SWISS MOUNTAINEERS TOBOGGANING HOME IN AUTUMN FROM THE HEIGHTS.

Swiss mountaineers usually transfer their cattle to a high pasturage in the summer, and in autumn return to their village homes. To avoid the roundabout mountain tracks, they toboggan down the grassy slopes on simple sledges.—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]

who love fighting for fighting's sake. The document which conveyed to him the information that he could claim all the privileges of a Legionary was a parchment richly illustrated, which, no doubt, will be preserved in the archives of the Lewis family.

Our Infantry.

The German infantry, in their manoeuvres this year, have accomplished some wonderful feats of marching, and all the "special correspondents" have told of the dogged Bavarian battalions plodding through mud, the eyes of the men ringed with purple owing to sleepless nights, a man now and again falling out overcome with fatigue. But there is nothing the German infantry have done this year that our infantry could not do, and do cheerfully. I saw some of the fighting during the last two days of the big manoeuvres round about Swindon. I saw our infantry at work, and it made me feel proud to see them. The men had gone through a hard time during the preliminary training. The rain had rained every day, and, as a loquacious private assured me, the troops had become "ambidexterous" (he meant, of course, "amphibious"); but the muddy marches and soaking bivouacs had not done the men any harm physically: they were as fit as though they were in training for a race, and were as full of high spirits as though manoeuvres were some holiday sport. I saw a regiment which had doubled a couple of miles come to a halt as fresh as when it started. I saw another battalion which had marched over thirty miles deploy for attack with as much spirit as though it were beginning its day's work. The foreign Attachés all said that the marching powers of our infantry are wonderful.

Troublesome Spectators.

Other things I saw during the days of manoeuvre which were not as satisfactory as the marching of our infantry and the scouting of our cavalry. One of these things was the lack of consideration shown by the



THE ESKIMO'S ROB ROY: A FLEET OF "KAYAKS."

"Kayaks" are the native canoes of the Eskimos, and, being formed of skins, are very light, and move quickly over the water. Dr. Cook has described how, on the approach of a school of narwhals, every "kayak" about the camp was promptly manned, and they went in chase like a flight of birds over the water.—[Photograph by Ganthony.]

hired for the day, and their case was exceptional; but many otherwise considerate drivers overtaking troops marching in lanes try to get past them, and other drivers try to go through a column by a cross-road, and in doing so check the march.

FASHIONS FOR AUTUMN: COSTUMES FOR SPORTSWOMEN.



1. ROWING-SHORTS FOR THE RIVER: THE RIGHT COSTUME FOR A FAIR "STROKE"—Mlle. Suzon.

3. THE CREW AND THE CAPTAIN BOLD; APPROPRIATE COSTUMES FOR OARSWOMEN.

2. CHARMING FASHIONS FOR THE MODERN ATALANTA: A GOOD START FOR THE RACE.

4. NOT "IN CALYDON" BUT IN RUNNING-SHORTS: ATALANTA UP TO DATE IN DRESDEN.

Now that the modern woman is taking more and more to masculine sports, it is essential that fashion should follow the flag, and devise costumes that will be at once practical and becoming. Our illustrations show some of the latest dresses worn by women athletes in France and Germany. The boating girls are members of the Ladies' Rowing Club "Femina" in Paris, the single portrait being that of Mlle. Suzon, the champion of the club. The runners are girls who belong to the Dresden Athletic Club. One of them did the 1000-metre race (about 1085 yards) in 4 min. 32.5 sec. The dresses worn by these successors of Atalanta (the Greek maiden who raced with Hippomenes for her hand or his life, and who is the heroine of Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon") are particularly graceful and appropriate.

Photographs Nos. 1 and 3 by Bolak; Nos. 2 and 4 by Carl Ulrich and Co., Berlin.

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS



LADY DOROTHY WOOD (FORMERLY LADY DOROTHY ONSLOW), WHO WAS MARRIED LAST WEEK TO THE HON. EDWARD LINDLEY WOOD.

Lady Dorothy Wood is the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Onslow. Her wedding was notable for the procession on foot after the ceremony, across the lawns of Clandon Park.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

Heath that had its own colours so triumphantly presented to it by old Crome, a painter whom the King, as "a Norfolk man," has often admired. "My county," as his Majesty has called it, first put a special claim upon him when he resided at Sandringham. The House of Albemarle has received many royal favours; the King and Queen were both present, it will be remembered, at Lord Bury's wedding in June, and all Keppels are friends at Court.

The Kaiser's Friend. The hard case of Lord Lonsdale has been deplored. Like Mr. Winston Churchill, he attended the German manoeuvres, spending, therefore, much time with his great friend the Kaiser. This means the strenuous life: to be up at 3 a.m. and in the saddle till nightfall is none too rare an experience for those who keep company with the unwearying William. Nor is the day then finished. His Majesty has an endless stock of humorous military anecdotes, and these must be laughed at till midnight. Luckily, Lord Lonsdale does not have to laugh in a tight German uniform, like many of the Emperor's mess-mates; and, indeed, we are doubtful if his hardships "amount to a row of pins."

He is a real sportsman, and not afraid of a hard saddle, and the Kaiser's enthusiasm is infectious among men who like honest work and honest workers.

The Only Puzzle. The English manoeuvres have been going forward before a particularly distinguished field. The King's Army has been watched by

several of the King's friends. Prince Liechtenstein came from Austria; and France, Germany, Spain, Japan, and China sent exalted representatives. An Oxford hotel has been their headquarters, and Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonough and Major Thwaites have, with



TWINS, BUT NOT MUCH ALIKE: THE HON. BETTY AND THE HON. ANGELA MANNERS.

The Hon. Betty and the Hon. Angela Manners are among the prettiest twins in Society, and they are still on the right side of one-and-twenty, for their majority will not be celebrated till next year. Lord and Lady Manners are fonder of the country than of town, but they are within easy reach of their London house when in the country, for Avon Tyrell is close to Ringwood, in Hampshire.—[Photographs by Thomson.]



THE KING'S HOST AT MAMORE FOREST: MR. FRANK BIBBY.

Mr. Frank Bibby, who has recently entertained his Majesty at Mamore Forest, near Loch Leven, is a well-known sportsman, and for many years past has leased Mamore from Mrs. Cameron Lucy, of Callart. Mrs. Bibby was Miss Stanley Clarke, daughter of the King's well-known Equerry.

Photograph by Knights-Whitome.

They have realised that the Government that made a scapegoat of their ancestor, the Admiral, were the cowards of the piece, and they have read their history carefully enough to know that he was not shot for lack of courage, but for acting, through an error of judgment, against the best interests of his country. That is what his timid Judges decided to be his capital fault. The bravery of the Byngs did not take long to establish. The manner in which the Admiral met his accusers and his death was bravery itself. So Lady Rachel and Lady Joan wish it to be understood that when they were thrown from a dogcart the other day, in attempting to avoid children who were playing in the road near Potter's Bar, they did not do anything more than any Byng would have done in similar circumstances.

Parson and Peer.

The Rev. the Earl of Stratford, the father of the ladies of the Potter's Bar adventure, was third brother in succession to hold the title, and was a member of a family large enough, one imagines, to provide heirs to the peerage for ever. "Poodle" Byng was one of twelve children, and when he took Holy Orders he had not the faintest suspicion that he would ever say his prayers except as a Commoner.



THE HON. EDWARD FREDERICK LINDLEY WOOD, SON OF LORD HALIFAX, WHO HAS MARRIED LADY DOROTHY ONSLOW.

The Hon. Edward Lindley Wood, who is only son and heir of Lord Halifax, was born in 1881. He is a Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, and a Lieutenant in the Yorkshire Dragoons Yeomanry.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

other officers, been in attendance. "Your officers are charming," said one Attaché, "considerate in everything but their names. We cannot get them."

The Brave Potter's Bar Maids. Lady Rachel Byng and Lady Joan

Byng, unlike the hero of a tale by Mrs. Wharton, do not feel they must go through life establishing the family's name for courage.

They have realised that the Government that made a scapegoat of their ancestor, the Admiral, were the cowards of the piece, and they have read their history carefully enough to know that he was not shot for lack of courage, but for acting, through an error of judgment, against the best interests of his country. That is what his timid Judges decided to be his capital fault. The bravery of the Byngs did not take long to establish. The manner in which the Admiral met his accusers and his death was bravery itself. So Lady Rachel and Lady Joan wish it to be understood that when they were thrown from a dogcart the other day, in attempting to avoid children who were playing in the road near Potter's Bar, they did not do anything more than any Byng would have done in similar circumstances.



TO BE MARRIED IN OCTOBER: THE HON. MRS. MONTAGU CURZON.

On the 25th of October the Hon. Mrs. Montagu Curzon, the mother of young Viscountess Curzon, will marry the Rev. H. King, rector of Garatshaye. Mrs. Curzon is by birth a Fitzroy, and so a connection of the Duke of Grafton.

Photograph by Thomson.



WIFE OF THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN INDIA: LADY CREAUGH.

Anglo-Indian Society is delighted that Sir O'Moore Creagh, the new Commander-in-Chief, is a married man. Lady Creagh, who was Miss Elizabeth Read, daughter of the late Mr. E. Read, of Kelverton, is Sir O'Moore's second wife.

Photograph by Lafayette

FOREARMED IF BORED BY THE BUDGET.

ENGLISH PEERS WHO CAN BE NOBLEMEN IN OTHER COUNTRIES.



1. LORD ROTHSCHILD, WHO IS ALSO A BARON OF THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.

2. THE DUKE OF RICHMOND, WHO IN FRANCE IS THE DUKE D'AUBIGNY.

3. THE EARL OF CLANCARTY, WHO IS MARQUESS OF HEUSDEN IN THE KINGDOM OF THE NETHERLANDS.

4. THE DUKE OF ABERCORN, WHO IS ENTITLED TO THE FRENCH DUKEDOM OF CHATELHERAULT.

5. THE EARL OF DUNDONALD, WHOSE GRANDFATHER WAS CREATED MARQUESS OF MARANHAM IN BRAZIL.

6. THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, WHO IS A PRINCE OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE AND PRINCE OF MINDELHEIM IN SUABIA.

7. LORD CLIFFORD OF CHUDLEIGH, WHO IS A COUNT OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE.

In these days when Dukes are so downhearted about the Budget, and earls, barons, and others of that ilk are becoming nervous about their daily bread, it must be a relief to some of them to know that they will have a haven of refuge elsewhere, should they find themselves reduced to penury by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and other "brutal Socialists," as the Duke of Rutland called Mr. Winston Churchill. All the peers whose portraits are given above might, if they get bored by the Budget, retire to foreign lands and enjoy titles almost equally august with those which they bear in this country. We do not, of course, suggest for a moment that anyone wants them to do so.

Photographs No. 1, by Elliott and Fry; No. 2, by Russell and Son; Nos. 3 and 4, by Lafayette; No. 5 by R. Faulkner and Co.; No. 6, by Hills and Saunders; No. 7, by Maull and Fox.



ENGAGED TO A DAUGHTER OF SIR ROBERT HART, MR. HARRY CUNNINGHAM BRODIE, M.P.

Much interest has been aroused by the engagement of Mr. H. C. Brodie, Liberal Member for Reigate, to Miss Mabel Milbourne Hart, the youngest daughter of Sir Robert Hart, of Chinese fame. Mr. Brodie is a partner in the firm of Findlay, Durham, and Brodie, Colonial Merchants, and is a Major in the Middlesex Yeomanry.

Photograph by Russell.

the active assistance of its senior partner, for not even Messrs. Samuel Montagu and Co. could claim a closer place in Lord Swaythling's affections than his pet Committee. As far back as the early 'eighties he was working hard in its interests, and at one time paid weekly visits to Liverpool to attend to the Jewish refugees who were pouring into England as a result of the persecutions in Russia. Lord Swaythling is

"YOU will live to a hundred if only you keep on working," said Sir Andrew Clarke to Lord Strathcona; and work has ever since been the High Commissioner's only physic. Lord Swaythling has now decided to follow an exactly opposite prescription, but we hope it will be attended with the same success. When, a few months ago, he relinquished the presidency of the Russo-Jewish Committee, the house of Montagu felt sure that it was soon to lose seventy-seven, and tired, but is, nevertheless, in substantially good health.

Burly of Balfour.

Lord and Lady Balfour of Burleigh are visiting America, and New York has not let them through without displaying curiosity concerning their persons as well as their baggage. The result is that

family into which she had married, and, among others, that the property was to be let. In a note of her incredible pamphlet, "A Blighted Life," an advertisement is quoted, with many points of exclamation: "Herts, Knebworth Park, with 1500 acres of capital shooting, a handsome furnished

baronial mansion, surrounded by fine parks and splendid gardens and grounds. Particulars of, etc." Rosina wondered why she could not be allowed to live there herself; but Rosina knew nothing

about the expenses of its upkeep, and did not realise that the owners of estates, long before Mr. Lloyd-George left his village green, could not afford to occupy their own houses. In later years, also, Knebworth has been let oftener than not. But the Lyttons are back at Knebworth again, and the district know the difference. The estate is in every way suited for a garden city, and Lord Lytton's promises to be a model one. One admirable feature of his scheme is that it in no way detracts from the livableness of Knebworth House itself, or from the delights of its gardens.

The library is well stocked with modern books, among them all the presentation copies sent to Bulwer and to "Owen Meredith" by contempo-



LORD DESMOND FITZGERALD, (BROTHER OF THE DUKE OF LEINSTER) WHO CAME OF AGE LAST WEEK.

The coming-of-age of an heir-presumptive is always a matter of interest. Lord Desmond Fitzgerald, who was born in 1888, is only about eighteen months younger than his brother, the Duke of Leinster. Lord Desmond was at Eton. Both are devoted to their beautiful Irish home, Carton, in County Kildare.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



THE HON. MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, WHOSE MARRIAGE WITH MISS MARJORIE BROCKLEHURST WAS ARRANGED FOR THE 28TH. Mr. Michael Hicks-Beach, who has sat for North Gloucestershire since 1906, is the only son and heir of Lord St. Aldwyn (formerly Sir Michael Hicks-Beach). Mr. Hicks-Beach has been in the Army, and is now in the Gloucestershire Hussar Yeomanry.

Photograph by Lafayette.

stocked with modern books, among them all the presentation copies sent to Bulwer and to "Owen Meredith" by contempo-



MISS CATHERINE B. LEIGHTON, WHOSE MARRIAGE WITH MR. A. F. SOTHEY WAS ARRANGED FOR THE 28TH.

Miss Catherine B. Leighton is a daughter of the late Sir Baldwin Leighton, Bt., and of the Hon. Lady Leighton Warren. Her brother, Sir Bryan Leighton, greatly distinguished himself in the South African War. Mr. Alfred F. Sothey, whom she is marrying, is a son of the late Admiral Sir Edward S. Sothey, K.C.B.

Photograph by Mendelssohn.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh has had the pleasure of seeing himself described as "a strapping, red-cheeked, grey-haired Scotch ladie," and of almost forgetting that he is sixty, and that he holds a record of service as the Chairman of Parliamentary Commissions. His height and the noted shoulders will probably gain for him in the States the title he has long enjoyed—or, at least, tolerated with a good-humoured smile for every fresh discoverer of the jest—among his English friends, Lord Burly of Balfour.

"This Desirable Residence." Knebworth is in the right hands when a Lytton has the care of it. The turbulent Rosina, Lady Lytton, wife of the novelist and first Baron, used to complain against all things appertaining to the



MISS MARJORIE BROCKLEHURST, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO THE HON. MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH WAS ARRANGED FOR THE 28TH.

Miss Marjorie Brocklehurst is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Dent Brocklehurst, of Sudeley Castle, Winchcombe, Gloucestershire, and a niece of Colonel Brocklehurst, the Queen's Equerry. Appropriately for a political wedding, St. Margaret's, Westminster, was chosen for the ceremony.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

rary writers. The inscriptions on the fly-leaves have helped the recent tenants of Knebworth—Mr. Phipps and Lord Strathcona and their friends—to while away many a wet and otherwise dull afternoon.

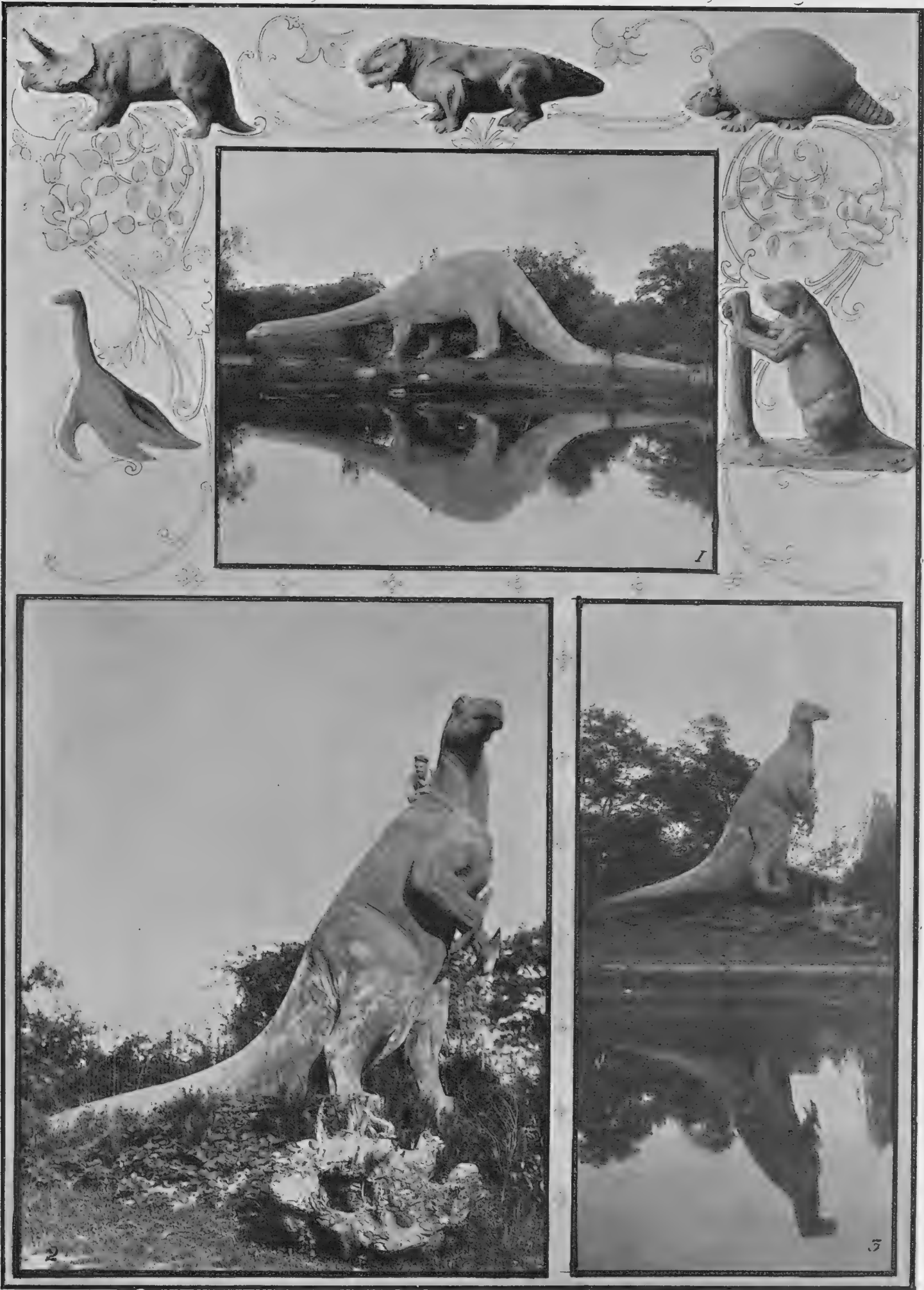
The Little Wooden Hut. While Mme. Melba has been choosing, in Brisbane, her first racing-colours—olive-green, mauve and white—Mme. Nordica has been choosing her carpets and her curtains. The house they are destined for is building at Deal Beach, New Jersey, and Mr. Young—that is, Mr. George Nordica Young—has been careful to break records in home-making. The dwelling to which he, his wife, and the voice are hastening is the largest log-bungalow ever attempted—a sort of Blenheim in wood. Of course it is referred to by its owners as "our little wooden hut."



A WITTY AND POPULAR IRISH MARCHIONESS, LADY HEADFORT AND HER SONS.

The young Marchioness of Headfort is passionately fond of Ireland, and is a keen horse-woman and golfer. Lady Headfort is a very fond mother, and she is proud of her stalwart little sons, the eldest of whom, Lord Bective, is seven years old.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

A NOVEL "ZOO" THAT WOULD BE WORTH MANY MILLIONS--
IF THE ANIMALS WERE ONLY REAL.



1. THE DIPLODOCUS. 2. THE IGUANODON. 3. THE IGUANODON AT A DISTANCE.

THE CREATURES IN THE BORDER, LOOKING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, ARE, A PLESIOSAURUS VICTOR (HAIF FISH AND HALF BIRD); A TRICERATOPS (A HUGE EXTINCT KIND OF RHINOCEROS); A GIANT TOAD (FIFTEEN FEET LONG); A PREHISTORIC TURTLE, AND A GIANT SLOTH.

THE GIANT ANIMALS OF PREHISTORIC DAYS: LIFE-SIZE FIGURES.

At Mr. Carl Hagenbeck's famous animal park at Hamburg there are now being erected life-size representations in cement of the great prehistoric monsters that once inhabited this earth. One depicts a specimen of the Diplodocus, that great lizard which lived, it is computed, some ten millions of years ago. It is virtually a copy of the one Mr. Andrew Carnegie presented to the South Kensington Museum, and is over sixty feet in length, and has a total height of some twenty-five feet. Its erection called for no little ingenuity, and even engineering skill. The second completed beast is a specimen of the Iguanodon, another of the monster lizards. It is depicted standing on its hind-legs, its head reared some twenty-eight feet into the air. A few will be shown in the act of battling with specimens of their kind, the whole idea being to make the display as representative and lifelike as possible. This page is "Our Wonderful World" for the present issue.—[Photographs by H. J. Shepstone.]

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

"The Bells," and
"A Maid of
Honour."

Mathias, in "The Bells," would be a remarkable achievement even were he not Mr. H. B. Irving playing one of Sir Henry Irving's most famous parts; and though, of course, the performance is open to the criticism that a good deal of it is purely imitative work—imitative even to the imitation of mannerisms—yet there is in it much that is genuinely fine original material. He has the personality which fills the stage, the face that arrests attention, so that everything else is blotted out; and some day he will do something of his own which is really great, greater and more perfect even than his "Admirable Crichton," when he ceases to make journeys on which every step of the way is marked out in advance. But "The Bells" will do for the present, and his

performance of Mathias should enable him to secure that firm footing in London which he requires. It will also be, incidentally, a test of the extent to which public taste has changed. The frequently repeated complaint that the great players of our day are driven to the provinces—that the London visits of the Kendals, of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, of Mr. Forbes Robertson, are few and far between, that even Irving in his later years was compelled to go afield—are really a healthy sign that the drama is coming to be regarded as more important than its interpreters; though, perhaps, not a healthy sign from the point of view of the interpreters. Yet here comes Mr. H. B. Irving with a simple old stock melodrama and invites London

to return to the good old times when people went, not to see the play, but to see the player. For a time this policy may possibly succeed; but it can only be approved if it is intended to be an introductory stage to a career of new production. As to this, we shall no doubt see what we shall see. For his own purposes, Mr. Irving could hardly have chosen better than "The Bells." The thing suits his temperament admirably. As a study in unremorseful yet conscience-stricken agony his performance is wonderful. Mathias, is, of course, an inhuman exaggeration; everything associated with the name of Irving is inhuman and exaggerated—a survival of the good old rhetorical style of acting, in which exaggeration was illuminated by poetry and imagination. Now, in Mr. H. B. Irving there is not much poetry: for poetry there must be a quality of tenderness, and in that he is lacking. But he has imagination and a genuine power of unforced expression of terror and malice. Perhaps his most notable effect in the whole play is his side-glance of villainous glee when the judges who are trying him in his dream are reciting the difficulty of securing evidence to convict him; but this note runs through the whole of the performance, and it is a fascinating sight to watch the variations he plays upon it (if I may mix metaphors and talk of variations upon one note). This production of "The Bells" will at any rate serve the purpose of stamping upon the

public mind at the beginning of his tenancy of the Queen's Theatre the fact that he is in his way one of the finest actors we have. Nobody else has anything of any importance to do in the play; indeed, the play itself is a background for Mathias, and nothing else. It belongs to an age which knew not Shaw and believed firmly in the principle that it was the duty of the theatre to be theatrical. Mathias was never meant to be a man: he was meant to be an exhibition of virtuoso acting, and his author enjoyed a stroke of luck that comes to few authors when his creature became the chief medium for the expression of the personality of the figure which dominated the British stage of the nineteenth century. By it Irving forced himself upon an astonished world; and it is a pathetic commentary upon the ephemeral nature of the actor's art that, after an interval of only a few years, it is difficult to remember, except in a general way, wherein Mr. H. B. Irving's performance differs from and wherein it resembles that of his great

predecessor. There are, of course, broad resemblances of a very striking kind, for in voice and appearance Mr. Irving bears a remarkable likeness to his father; and much of the "business" of the part is so intimately associated with it that he would be an unwise man who would indulge in alterations. And yet there might well have been an interesting experiment. Mr. H. B. Irving is noted for his studies in the psychology of criminals. In the course of these studies he must have discovered that the modern murderer has his nerves fairly well under control when he has escaped detection for fifteen years. Why then should not Mathias be modern? We could overlook the primitive nature of his great scheme of escaping detection by marrying

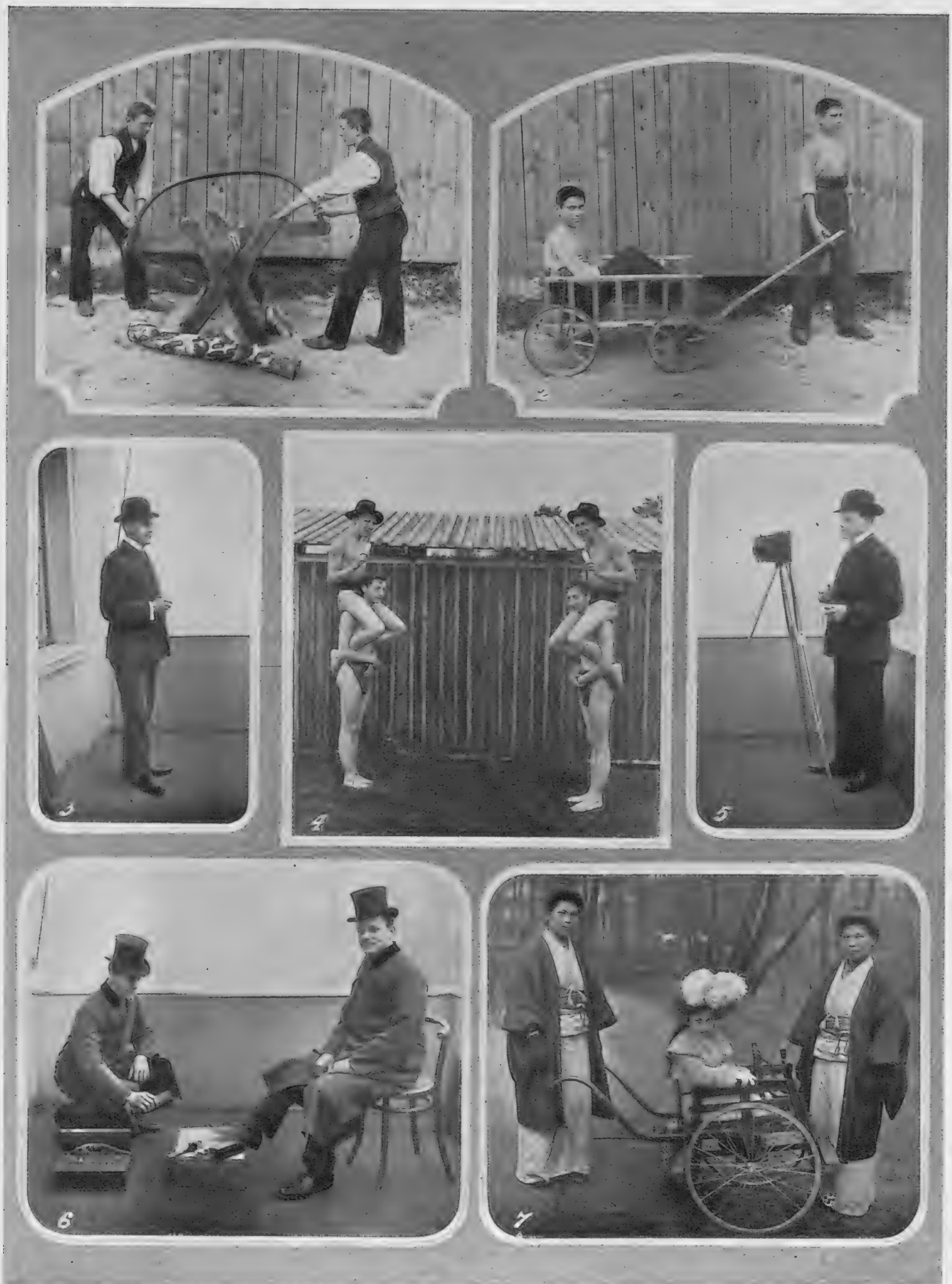
his daughter to a policeman; in fact, one might even see in it a modern tribute to the incorruptibility of the police force, to procure whose silence such drastic measures have to be taken. But the modern Mathias would be more restrained in manner. He would not wear his conscience so obtrusively upon his sleeve. He would hint a furtive guilt, instead of turning ostentatiously haggard at the mention of the murdered Jew. When he saw visions and heard bells he would whistle and pretend that there was nothing wrong, fortified by the conviction that a short holiday would banish these traces of indigestion from an otherwise healthy frame. And when the great dream came at the end—well, what the modern Mathias would do is a little uncertain; but there must be a rule of action for such cases in the criminal code; and I feel convinced that the rule does not prescribe a choking death with an imaginary rope and a most unpleasant rattle in the throat. However, this kind of Mathias would not serve as reminder to a younger generation of the glories of the past, and it is as such a reminder that this production of "The Bells" is welcome. There is also a little curtain-raiser, "A Maid of Honour," by Edward Denby, which deals effectively, if quite theatrically, with an incident in the struggle between Cromwell and the King, and gives Miss Dorothea Baird an opportunity for a piece of earnest and tearful pleading, of which she makes good use.



"THE BELLS," AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE: MR. H. B. IRVING AS MATHIAS.

Mr. H. B. Irving began his second season as a London manager last week with a successful revival of "The Bells." The piece, which was made very familiar to playgoers by the late Sir Henry Irving, is based on a story by Erckmann-Chatrian called "The Polish Jew," and was adapted by Mr. Leopold Lewis. Mr. H. B. Irving gave a very fine performance of the remorseful murderer.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]

A CAMERA THAT SEES DOUBLE : CASES OF BIS-TAKEN IDENTITY.



1. THE VALUE OF SELF-HELP: THE SAME MAN 'AT BOTH ENDS' OF THE SAW.
2. SELF-ADVANCEMENT: A BOY DRAGGING HIMSELF ALONG.
- 3 (AND 5) FACE TO FACE WITH HIS OTHER SELF: POSING TO HIMSELF FOR HIS OWN PHOTOGRAPH.

4. TWICE TWO MAKES TWO: THE SAME PERSON ALL THE TIME.
- 5 (AND 3) SELF-REVELATION: TAKING HIS OWN PHOTOGRAPH.
6. A MODEL FOR HUSBANDS: CLEANING HIS OWN BOOTS.
7. INCONSTANT WOMAN: TWO NURSES FOR ONE WAGE.

ONE MAN PLAYS MANY PARTS: CURIOUS INSTANCES OF FREAK PHOTOGRAPHY.

The above pictures illustrate some striking examples of the curious effects that can be produced in handling the camera. They show the same person in the same picture in two entirely different attitudes. It may be stated that the identical person appears in each case, and there were not two persons dressed alike taken to make up the picture. Possibly our readers may be interested in trying to puzzle out how this peculiar effect could be brought about. A key to the puzzle will be found in a paragraph on another page.—[Photographs by Topical.]



AFTER DINNER

By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

The Poet's Last Ride.

The funeral of John Davidson sadly accorded with the troubled course of his latter days. The admixture of controversy and grim pageantry which attended the committal of his body to the waves was but the echo of his stormy life and passing. It was the sort of thing he might have expected. How different was Tennyson's! His muse sank to silence after his sweet swan-song, and he went peacefully out with the music of his beloved Shakespeare in his ears. No pomp or ceremony marked his passage to the grave. The proceedings were as modest and unassuming as in life he vainly sought to appear. The gloomy splendour of the funeral of the average man of note Tennyson abhorred, and his wishes in the matter were observed with startling fidelity. The coffin went to the Abbey with a Union Jack about it, to greet the eyes of a sorrowing multitude on the morrow: it went at night, in a simple covered van.

The Curdler's Cruise.

Of course we all agree that the oft-quoted description of the obsequies of "Monk" Lewis has pride of place in any such competition as the foregoing. It was well said of this singular author that he was the finest master of the art of freezing the blood in England. What more fitting, then, than that his funeral should be without parallel? In design, it was like poor John Davidson's, but in execution it proved as unexpected as could happen only in connection with such a man. He died while aboard the steamer which was bringing him home from his estates in Jamaica. Yellow fever had invaded the boat, and his funeral had to be hurried. The body was placed with speed, therefore, in a sort of wooden cradle with a white winding-sheet engirdling it. Weights should have carried the whole immediately to the bottom of the water, but as the coffin was lowered into the water, these fell loose and dropped away. The folded canvas floated out; the wind caught it, and away went the craft scudding before the breeze, with a winding-sheet for sail, and a dead man for crew.

Dictionary Lord Rosebery.

by stating that only one man had read a dictionary from end to end, has started the critics on his track, some of whom declare that they know of this man or that who had conscientiously ploughed through *parts*. Well, that is feeble. One man batted on them—on whole dictionaries. It was Buckle, Modern Civilisation's historian. He took dictionaries as some people take holidays or pills. And he did not

keep the fact to himself. At a very literary dinner-table one night, he met a man whose wit and humour rather threw Buckle into the shade. The historian paved the way to his feats with dictionaries, and, getting an opening, said, "Well, of all the dictionaries that I have read *through*, I never read one with less enjoyment than the one you have named." Need we wonder that the fancy of the wit was blighted, and that, in the presence of such learning, all became solemn and awe-stricken? For one's own part, he is waiting for the man who claims to have read the new edition of the French Academy's dictionary. A year ago it had reached the end of "C," but it has been in preparation only since 1677.

A Message from the Heart.

Of course, the new Lord Mayor (whom the elect of London choose to-day), like Lord Mayors that have passed the chair, will have his processions great and small. The prayer of the rest of us who get wedged beyond train-time in cabs which cannot move for traffic will be, "Have few processions in our time, O Lord Mayor." One of the happiest of his predecessors, Sir William Treloar, had once been dining at Fishmongers' Hall, and had afterwards to make a dash for London Bridge Station. With joy let it be told that, like any ordinary human being, he found his way barred, and arrived in time comfortably to miss his train. With grief which would not have disgraced a private citizen, he turned to his cabman to lament that the horse should have moved so slowly. "It ain't my fault, Sir," said the cabman; "it's that silly old fool of a Lord Mayor who stopped the traffic." Cabby did not know his fare, but spoke like a brother and a man.

What The Premier has restored to equanimity the fluttered feelings of thousands, who were staggered to hear the erroneous report that he had been playing golf on a Sunday. Following this achievement the interest centres round a newspaper discussion as to whether the Puritan or non-Puritan Sunday is the better. One effect has been to put a stop to some of the best fishing hitherto obtainable by week-ending Waltonians. To them it has been said, as it was said

to the Sabbath-breakers by an open-air missionary at Malvern some time ago: "At the great Day of Judgment, when heaven and earth shall melt in devouring fire, what will become of the donkey-boys of Malvern?" Nobody has yet been able to supply the answer, though the donkeys have ever since appeared thoughtful.



THE IDOL WITH THE FEET (AND BODY) OF CLAY: A FRENCH COLLECTOR'S STATUETTES OF NAPOLEON. M. Albert-Omer Decugis, a Parisian collector of art treasures, has furnished his house in the Rue Pergolèse entirely in the style of the First Empire. In one of the rooms he has a most curious collection of statuettes of Napoleon, very numerous, and all showing him in different costumes, together with one or two figures of his wife.



THE RAGE FOR NAPOLEONIC COLLECTING: STATUETTES OF BONAPARTE AND HIS WIFE.

This collection of statuettes of Napoleon represents him in each of his numerous capacities. Some show him draped in the purple, some crowned with laurels, some as Consul with straight hair and lapelled coat, some on horseback and on camel-back, some seated in pensive mood; some upright, with his hand behind his coat in a familiar attitude.

BLOWN, BUT NOT IN THE WAY YOU THINK :



This is not the old joke of the country farmer trying to blow out the electric-light, but merely Jones going through a course of fat-reducing exercises before retiring to bed.

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



A Train of Troubles.

Many are the nervous terrors suffered by actors on the first night of a new play, and Mr. Robert Michaelis, the Freddy Fairfax of "The Dollar Princess," at Daly's, is no doubt no stranger to them. It may be questioned, however, whether on the first night of Mr. George Edwardes's latest production he went through a more nerve-racking time than on one occasion when he was a small boy in the junior school of Dulwich College. As a punishment for some misdeed, he had to return to the school one Saturday afternoon instead of going off to enjoy himself. He got into the train at Herne Hill, and found in the compartment one of the senior boys, who, however, considered it beneath his dignity to take any notice of the small boy. As the train approached Dulwich Station Mr. Michaelis noticed that it was going much faster than usual, and when he got up to open the door, long before it was necessary, he found the train was rushing through the station at some forty miles an hour. A vision of canes and other dire punishments for not turning up at "detention" flashed before his eyes, but he still hoped that, by getting out at the next station, he might arrive in good time to avert those horrors. The train, however, treated the next station in exactly the same way as it did the former one, and all hope of reaching the school that afternoon melted away. The fellow-feeling which makes even a senior boy kin with one of the junior school caused the lads to bewail their fate together, though the difference between that fate was very great, for the one was only likely to lose a game of cricket, while the other was more likely to get a flogging. At length, the train pulled up at St. Mary Cray, and, after waiting for some time for a train to take them back, they returned to school in the evening with results, for Mr. Michaelis, over which it is best to draw a journalistic veil. For a long time his fellow-passenger was known to him as "St. Mary Cray." The public, however, knows him by a different name, for he is Mr. Arthur Wimperis, who writes such charming lyrics.



MR. C. H. WORKMAN, THE NEW MANAGER, PLAYING PIERRE.

THE NEW RÉGIME AT THE SAVOY: THREE PRINCIPALS IN "THE MOUNTAINEERS."

The scene of the new comic opera at the Savoy, due to-night (the 29th), is laid in Switzerland. The libretto is by Mr. Guy Eden, and the music by Mr. Arthur Somervell.

Photographs by the Dover St. Studios.

returned to town by special train. On arriving Miss Harkness went to the van to see about her luggage, and returned to her comrades with the disconsolate announcement that there had been some mistake, and, instead of their luggage, that belonging to Hackenschmidt had been sent on their train. The other ladies went off to ascertain if Miss Harkness was really right, and found, to their dismay, that every trunk was labelled "Hackenschmidt" in great scarlet letters on a white ground. It was some time before it was discovered that, in spite of appearances, the luggage belonged to the company, and that it was Mr. Bouchier's joke at the expense of the "Hackenschmidt Girls." From Euston, however, a string of four-wheelers, piled high with "Hackenschmidt's" luggage, drove out that quiet Sunday afternoon to various parts of London, followed in many instances by numbers of small boys, all anxious to see the great wrestler, and all trumpet-tongued in their disappointment when a charming young lady alighted from the cab.

A Cliff(fe) on Crusoe's Island.

Mr. Arthur Curtis (who made so distinct an impression as Joliquet in "The Lyons Mail")

with Mr. H. B. Irving at the Shaftesbury last season, and is a member of his company at the Queen's)

began his career under Sir Henry Irving, with whom he "walked on" in "The Medicine Man" and the revivals which followed. Since then, he has had a wide experience in the provinces, where, as a member of small repertoire companies, he played a large number and variety of parts, which included several in one evening. While such experiences fall to the lot of most young actors in the provinces, Mr. Curtis had one which is probably unique. He was playing Cromwell to the Wolsey of Mr. Cooper Cliffe in the production of "Henry VIII." at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester. For a special occasion, the great scene in which Wolsey describes his fall was given at a theatre in which they were playing a pantomime as the regular entertainment. The question of appropriate scenery is always a vital one to the actors, although some of the supposedly more advanced critics, who think they know more about the way Shakespeare wanted his plays produced than Shakespeare did himself, plump for a sceneless stage. The actors were no doubt told that the best would be done under the circumstances. When, however, pantomime is being played there is so much scenery in the theatre that there is little room for anything extraneous. Even so, Mr. Cooper Cliffe and Mr. Curtis were probably scarcely prepared, on going on the stage, to see that the scene represented not a room, to say nothing of one in the great Cardinal Prime Minister's Palace, but Robinson Crusoe's island.

MISS JESSIE ROSE, PLAYING ANNETTE, THE VILLAGE COQUETTE, IN "THE MOUNTAINEERS," AT THE SAVOY.

MISS ELSIE SPAIN, TAKING THE PART OF CLARICE IN "THE MOUNTAINEERS," AT THE SAVOY.



A SECRET TO AVOID RICE AND OLD BOOTS: MR. JOSEPH COYNE WITH HIS WIFE, MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE.

Mr. Coyne, who is playing the part of a multi-millionaire in "The Dollar Princess" at Daly's, has announced his marriage with Miss Alexandra Carlisle, who is taking a leading part in "Arsène Lupin," at the Duke of York's Theatre. The wedding, which took place last December, was a very quiet one, as bride and bridegroom wished to avoid the sometimes embarrassing attentions of friends who celebrate such occasions by showers of rice and old boots.—[Photograph by Dover Street Studios.]

"The Hackenschmidt Girls."

Miss Jean Harkness, who is playing in "False Gods" at His Majesty's, was, with some of her friends, the cause of a practical joke, played by Mr. Arthur Bouchier on his company, of which she was at that time a member. When they were in Manchester, Hackenschmidt was performing at one of the music-halls in that city. Miss Harkness, with the other ladies of the company, was a great admirer of the wrestler's fine physique, and their enthusiasm caused them to be constantly visiting the music-hall, in order to see him wrestle. So numerous were their visits that Mr. Bouchier dubbed them "the Hackenschmidt Girls," and invariably spoke of them by that title. At the end of the Manchester engagement, the company

A SLIGHT FALLING - OUT.



BROWN: 'Confound you, Sir! I'll never go in your beastly machine again! (Which is more than likely!)

DRAWN BY DUDLEY TENNANT.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

Another Commemoration.

I was good at dates, and I have always thought that the teaching of a mass of them to children was one of the many stupidities of our system of education. One should know roughly when great things happened and great people flourished, but to know precisely is a waste of memory. I hope I never had to burden my mind with the information that Dr. Johnson was born in September 1709, but if I had I had long forgotten it—and I have already forgotten the day of the month, and don't propose to look it up. However, he *was* born in September 1709, and all sorts of speakers and writers have been spreading themselves, as it were, over the event, from Lord Rosebery to Mr. Never-Mind, and it becomes me also to give the old fellow a nod of recognition. Besides, I confess he is rather convenient. I am in the country, and it is a bore to write to the library for new books; and when one does, they don't come, and there are not many to write for just now. So Dr. Johnson, by all means. I am delighted to see him.

A Slight Exaggeration.

It is natural for people taking part in bi-centenary celebrations to exalt their subject, and I think that, in one respect, Lord Rosebery and others have slightly exaggerated—that is, in the position they allege Dr. Johnson to hold in the hearts of his countrymen. I am not depreciating his real value in saying so; greater men than he have been less esteemed. But is it true that he is enthroned in the hearts of the English people, and regarded by them as typical of what is best in the national character, and all that? I doubt it. It is admitted on all hands that hardly anyone reads what he wrote, that his reputation rests on Boswell and on what is recorded of him in Fanny Burney and other writers of memoirs and letters. Now, of course, all of us who are interested in literature have read Boswell, and most of us love the book and love the Doctor through it. But really, you know, we who are interested in literature are not a large fraction of the population. I would wager, if the matter could be proved, that a large majority of Englishmen who have had a Public-School and University education have never read Boswell at all; and when one goes beyond that minority, as of course it is, into the rest of the population, the proportion of those who have read Boswell, one would suppose, would be less still. I am not good at figures and will not attempt imaginary statistics. I am sure, however, that the matter stands roughly thus: at the bottom of the scale there are a huge number of English people who know of Dr. Johnson only that he was a great man who lived a long time ago; higher up, another huge number who know, in addition, that he wrote his Dictionary; higher up still, a very large number who

think of him as a burly old boy with unpleasant personal habits, a conversational bully with a kind heart; at the top, Lord Rosebery, you and I, and a select minority who have read Boswell and have some real knowledge of Dr. Johnson and an affection for him. Say there are a hundred thousand of us—that is, one in forty of the population. This may sound cold-water, but I think it is true, and if it is true, can it be said that Dr. Johnson is regarded by the English people as representing what is best in them, that he has a secure place in their hearts, that he is really a popular hero? Surely this is an exaggeration.

Dr. Johnson. And *was* he, after all, the typical John Bull, at John's best, that Lord Rosebery made out? If he was, then it is a very odd instance of typical qualities being produced or fostered by most untypical experiences. To spend a young manhood of bitter want and struggle, a member of a despised calling, the hanger-on of vulgar booksellers, lacking meals and beds, and a late manhood of popedom—surely that was an odd life for a typical John Bull. I would not make much of that, however. Take Johnson as he was. That he had some characteristics, such as respect for constituted powers and for wealth, which are certainly national—whether happily so or not—may be granted; that he had some splendid qualities, honesty under great trials, independence, a sound judgment, underlying sometimes expressions of opinion rather reckless, qualities we all hope are national, may be granted also. But his melancholy, that verged on madness—so pathetic in that portrait of him as a young man? His vein of mysticism in religion? His utter lack of order, innocent though it was, in his personal life? Surely very un-Bullish qualities, these. Macaulay has been rightly deposed as an infallible authority, and much of what he wrote of Johnson and Boswell is very poor stuff, but he makes a very shrewd point when he



OLD GILES (directing tourists): Go straight down the crooked lane, and then round the square, turn to your left, and you'll be all right.

DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.

remarks that the Johnson we know was in part the result of the Johnson we do not know, the vagabond, pariah young man, the companion of Savage, who had the ill-luck to make writing his profession at its lowest worldly ebb, when the day of patrons and sinecures was over, and that of (more or less) fair dealing between the writer and his public not come—the disorderly, voracious, uncouth Johnson is all too well explained. But that disorderly Johnson was no John Bull. I love him none the less for that. Our greatest men have seldom been typical Englishmen . . . I have left myself no space for an appreciation, but others have done that for me. One point only I would make. It is that Johnson's written work has hardly had justice done to it. The imagination and philosophy of the Dictionary have not been duly extolled, and the uncouthness and mere Latinity of Johnson's English have been exaggerated. The letter to Lord Chesterfield—though it was too bitter for the offence—is as noble a piece of English as exists anywhere.

N. O. I.

"AND AFTER MAKING A NOISE LIKE A TURNIP, TOO!"



"Go away, now, go away . . . Can't yer see I'm a turnip?"

DRAWN BY HARRY ROWNTREE.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE WINNING OF HEATHER.

By WALTER WOOD.

"THERE!" exclaimed the skipper of the *Glory*, who had been reciting some doggerel; "what d'you think o' that?—I wrote it all myself, an' it's beautiful. If any other man thinks different let him say so, an' I'll give him a chance of dodgin' a fish-trunk; not because it would be a reflection on my verses, but because I should reckon it an insult to my future wife. She's the beautifullest, truest girl that ever stood by Rockborough Harbour waitin' for the boats to come in. What are you lookin' so glumpy for, Arthur? Your face is enough to give a chap the creeps."

"I was thinkin'," answered Arthur, who was the boatswain.

"Then don't, if it's such a drag on your brain. But what were you thinkin' about?" The skipper spoke with gruff kindness. He was a prosperous man, and pitied the unsuccessful.

"I was wonderin'," the boatswain told him, "whether it wouldn't be more humane for someb'dy to fell you with a fish-trunk an' lay you out nor to let you go an' put the noose round your neck, as you thirst to do. I remember the time when I used to sing an' rave like this; but I'd rayther dodge about on the Cemetery in a real smart breeze nor go 'ome nowadays. I'm one o' them 'at believes in the good old system o' flectin', when a man thought he was lucky if he got a month a year at home."

"Yes," observed the skipper, "you made a bit of a mistake. It was a sad error to take a woman on when you well knew that her first husband had practised knottin' an' splicin' between his neck an' the bough of a tree."

"It was a odd thing," sighed the boatswain, "'at before he could untie one knot he had to tie another. You musn't mind if I laugh a bit, but I'm that upset when I see a man deliberately runnin' into slavery 'at I can't help it. I daresay this dear young creature o' yours is all you sweer she is—just as I believe your poetry is beautiful, though I sometimes wonder if you only copied it; but there's one thing 'at cheers me on your account, an' it's this—'Eather Foster mayn't have you. It's one thing to set your heart on a woman, an' another for that woman to think you're worth takin'. Remember, 'Eather's a bit of a gilded pill, an' there's lots o' likely chaps ready to swoller 'er. Look at Mr. Lessel Wankle, for instance. I know you pretend never to remember his name, an' 'at it chokes you to try an' get it out; but he's got as nice a shop as you could wish to buy frills in, an' plays the organ in the very chapil where 'Eather sings in the choir. An' they say 'at he warbles beautiful about angels."

"Heather Foster's got to be mine," vowed the skipper, "an I pity the man 'at tries to steal her from me. Mind you, I'm talkin' about men, an' not insects. When I love, I love; and when I hate, I hate. I hate the sight o' that counter-jumpin' whipper-snapper of a thing whose name you've mentioned; an' as for him marryin' a fine, big, spirited girl like this, why, it's as if a sand-donkey wanted to get spliced to a tigress. That's the way it strikes me, Arthur. Heather's mine, an' I want you to understand 'at I'm goin' to win her and make her say she'll have me. Dash it all! I only wish I could do something to clinch it. She's often sworn she'd marry a hero—an' I haven't even been in the South African War. I can't shut my eyes to the fact 'at her heart isn't quite melted. It's a desperate thing when a woman wobbles between a hero an' a swell, an' surprisin' how she can be got round by a chap 'at makes up in cheek for what he's short of in inches. I tell you this, Arthur, although you are so glumpy—I'm not too proud to take a bit of help from you. If you can give a lift in makin' that girl Mrs. Willin', I'll see you don't regret it."

"The unwillin' made willin', eh, old skip?" said the boatswain; then he laughed, but there was such an appalled silence that he recognised his indiscretion and stealthily withdrew to the forepeak, where he pretended to be busy sorting some gear.

"He's got the nastiest twist in his mind of any man I ever met," murmured the skipper, "an' yet, often enough, it's from people with such withered wits 'at inspiration comes. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if some day that Arthur Cox does me a good turn an' enables me to accomplish what I may call my heart's desire—namely, to win Heather Foster."

The skipper walked forward and shouted into the forepeak to the boatswain. "Come on deck," he said, putting his head down the little hatch. "I won't hurt you, honour bright. What did you bolt for?" he asked, when the boatswain reappeared, keeping cautiously out of reach of the master's limbs.

"Becoss I wanted to think—an' that's the only quiet place in the steamboat," answered Cox. "I was wonderin', skip, how I could be of service to you."

"Then I can tell you, Arthur, an' that's by bearin' a hand in shootin' the gear an' getting a good haul to fill them fish-trunks,

which at present are as empty as your skull-pan. We'll talk about this inspiration of yours later on—that is, if you've got one; but all the years I've known you, I've never had any evidence 'at you'd got more sense nor a Sandside ranter."

They shot the trawl, and later, when the boatswain was at the wheel and the deck was deserted, the skipper joined him, handing him a pot of tea, which he had personally conveyed from the galley.

"Look here, old Arthur," began the skipper. "I've been reflectin' on them queer remarks o' yours about womenfolk."

"There's nothing odd in 'em," answered the boatswain. "I don't claim any originality for 'em. I'm only repeatin' what men 'at have been bitten have said ever since the world began. Why, I've even heard a minister at a tea-party mutter 'at he wished his wife was in heaven, with the door locked on her. I felt a lot o' sympathy for him, I can tell you. I'm built that way—allus feelin' for a man in trouble."

"An' you're sorry for me, you say?" pursued the skipper.

"I am," the boatswain candidly admitted.

"Why?" inquired Willing.

"Becoss, old skip, you don't know when you're well off. 'Ere you are, master of a fine steam-boat, owned by your father. You're able to come an' go where you like, free as a bird, an' yet you aren't satisfied. You want to run your neck into a harness-collar, an' pull your soul out for the rest of your days."

"You've got no poetry in your nature," the skipper told him. "You don't know what it is to have the fire of love consuming you."

"Oh, yes, I do," replied the boatswain. "I've had a scorchin' time that way. You see, I was one o' them 'at romped in an' sort of stole a woman. There was three of us after the missis."

"Ah," said the skipper. "You must ha' been a bold an' dashin' chap to knock them other two out."

"An' yet," said the boatswain, sighing heavily, "it's been but a mockery of a vict'ry. Many's the gibe them two beaten roustabouts have had at me: many's the time they've shut their eyes an' pretended to pray when me an' the missis have walked past 'em. She hangs on so."

"Talkin' about hangin' on," said the skipper, "what does this Winkle, or whatever they call him, mean by annoyin' Heather?"

"Annoyin'?" repeated the boatswain. "Annoyin'? Why, that's the last thing in the world you'd call it if you saw 'em walkin' away together from chapil, as I've seen 'em. You should see his di'mond ring flash on his little finger, an' his coat of arms on another ring, on t'other little finger. He has a way o' carryin' his paws 'at shows both rings. An' then that big pearl in his necktie!"

"I never go to chapil, so I don't see these monkey things," said the skipper. His eyes were blazing, and he was thumping his mug on the rail of the bridge. "I can't abide the finicky airs them whipper-snapper chaps like Winkle, or Pankle, or whatever they call him, puts on. It's enough to choke you to listen to his voice. He squeaks like a guinea-pig. I shall go into that man's shop next time I'm ashore, an' ask him plump what he means. It's mad-denin' to think of him messin' about with a whangee cane an' kid-gloves an' pot-hat on, after Heather. If he was a man I shouldn't so much mind, but he's only a thing. Why, Heather's built for a fisherman's wife, just as much as this steamboat's built for trawlin'. Her father's a skipper, an' her brother's a mate, an' her uncle's coxswain of the lifeboat. Besides, she'd make two such snippets as Winkle!"

"It's marvellous what a power of attraction dress an' position have for a woman," remarked the boatswain; "an' mark my words, old skip, that 'Eather'll fall a prey to Lessel Wankle. He's boasted that he'll carry all before him in the field of armour. That's his word for love."

"I'll tell you two things he'll carry before him," said the skipper, "if he comes between me and what I reckon mine—an' that's his feet! Yes, as sure as this!" He crashed the mug on the rail as he spoke.

"Go an' tell him so—just like that," said the boatswain, "an' he'll no more dare ever to look at 'Eather Foster again nor he dare stare at the sun on a hot summer day."

"No," said the skipper, "I won't use violence. I feel terribly harsh about it, but, after all, the law's the law, and it's a powerful sight stronger nor me. No, no, Arthur, what we want's a bit o' genius, or skill, or better still, a bit o' luck. Now, if only I could be a hero! If only I could get my name in the paper—and above all, my picter! If only I could win that girl by the arts of peace, and not the sufferin's of war!"

"So you can, if you set the right way about it," Cox declared. "What 'ud you be disposed to do if I managed a scheme for you? Mind you, I haven't got one; but if I'd summat to look for'ard to, over an' above the missis'naggin', I might become a perfect genius. It's like them folks on the stage—the more they're paid the better they act."

The skipper reflected, then he said: "Look here, old Arthur; if you really an' truly help me to win Heather, an' trample on that worm

[Continued overleaf.]

AIRY PHILOSOPHY.



TRAVEL DE LUXE.

"These 'ere flying machines and wireless telegrams—wonderful, ain't it, Mike?"

"'Tis that. Ah, Tim, afore we're old men we shall be able to travel round the world without leavin' 'ome."



RIDICULOUS.

WIFE: Now, see 'ere, Jim; if yer don't provide fer me better I shall quit—so I warns yer.

HUSBAND: Provide better? Well, I like that. Why, ain't I got yer three good jobs o' work this larst month?

DRAWINGS BY HOPE READ.

Winkle, I'll see that you go as skipper in the new steamboat my father's goin' to build. She'll be ready in a year."

The skipper went below, humming cheerily, and the boatswain, fired with hope and ambition, harassed his brain to formulate a scheme by which the skipper should do three things—become a hero, crush a rival, and win a bride; and by which, incidentally, he should provide Mrs. Cox with a new and improved temper. But the main thing, clearly, was to make the skipper a hero.

Now, the truth was that the skipper was a hero many times over; so was every member of his crew, for they had done many things on the Dogger and the North Sea which involved the risk of life and limb. They had rescued men in bad weather who had been upset in boarding fish in the fleets; they had taken crews off sinking smacks and steam-trawlers; and once, quite lately, they had fought in a gale for many hours to save the crew of a foreign timber-ship, only to see, at the end of their labours, the rotten craft founder with all hands. But these were the things that were done and forgotten, that were never mentioned in the newspapers, and never recognised by even so much as the presentation of binoculars.

"'Eroes!' the boatswain muttered bitterly. "An' yet they give medals an' portraits an' addresses on vellum, an' goodness knows what, to men 'at crawl through a canal or pond! 'Eavens! 'Ow a man's mind changes! Only an hour or two since I was ackshally feelin' sorry for that Wankle, an' rayther wishin' 'at he'd get 'Eather Foster: an' now I feel that mad I could shove him under a steam-roller! An' as for Lucy—well, I'm sorry I've spoken about her so harsh. After all, she pulled me through that bad attack o' fever; an' if she does nag at me when I'm ashore, it's only becoss she's ambitious an' wants to take her proper place in society as a captain's wife. It's wonderful what a passion she has for me to become a captain. An', by thunder, I will, even if I've to play it a bit low. I wish I could invent a plot as easy as the old skip invents his verses!"

No inspiration came to the boatswain during that long summer day, nor did he feel the burning of genius throughout the week in which the *Glory* was single-boating; on the contrary, his ardour was damped, and he became depressed.

The skipper understood, but for reasons of his own he maintained a rigid silence. Once or twice he asked with affected levity, when he and Arthur were alone, "Got any special idea about anything in particular?"

The boatswain did not make any direct reply until they were within sight of Rockborough on the Sunday morning; then he said mysteriously, "If I could only get a sight o' that Wankle, I feel 'at it 'ud inspire me; but at present I haven't a glimmerin' of a notion of how you're goin' to be made a 'ero."

The skipper shook his head rather sadly. "I'm afraid," he observed, "that you're not likely to be made a skipper yet a bit."

The *Glory* anchored in the South Bay, waiting for the tide. It was not high water till afternoon, but she got in and was made fast at the lighthouse pier when most people were taking their noonday meal.

As a rule, the people of Rockborough did not visit the harbour, because it is somewhat remote from the residential parts, and it is not considered correct to frequent the piers. No person of quality would go to the piers on Sunday, and Heather Foster herself, who watched the coming of the steamboat, felt vaguely ashamed of her presence. She was just a little uneasy, too, because at her side was Lessel Wankle, splendidly arrayed in his Sunday garments.

Heather was tall, and a beauty. Her hat was six inches higher than the crown of her companion's silk headdress, and although she was proud of her association with a man who carried a silver-topped stick and gloves in his hands, so that the ring on the right little finger, with "L.W." engraved on it, and the jewelled ring on the left little finger could be seen to advantage, still she was comparing him unfavourably with the superb fellow who was directing the making fast of his steamboat and pretending that he did not see her.

The skipper certainly was not dressed like Wankle; but his blue reefer jacket and blue trousers became him well, his bowler-hat rested easily on his thick, curly golden locks, his blue eyes shone clear and steady in his resolute face, and the brownness of his skin was emphasised by the white collar which he was wearing. He had assumed his best "go-ashores," with patent boots of dazzling brilliance, and the edge of a lurid silk handkerchief peeped from his breast-pocket. Willing was six feet high; Heather was five feet nine; Wankle, despite his physical exercises, his non-smoking, his total abstinence, his fleshless food, his correspondence by post with a cultured quack, and his cork elevators, registered five feet four.

Heather glanced at her companion from the corner of her dark brown eye, and then looked boldly at the skipper. Her heart went out to him; for she also was a daughter of the Dogger. She caught the skipper's eye, and the skipper looked as though he saw through her and was seeking to learn the time from the clock on the weather-worn church which keeps the ruined Abbey and the Castle company on the hill. Perhaps it was her fancy, but did the skipper really look with recognition at Wankle—the sort of glance that a caged tiger might direct upon its dinner before it sets to work with teeth and claws? And was it fancy, or did the boatswain gaze with singular malice at the spruce young patron of the pier? It was undeniable that Wankle attracted attention.

"Fine fellows these, in a rough, uncouth sort of way," said Wankle. He twirled his moustache as he spoke. It was not much of an adornment, but the act made his jewel flash in the sunshine. "D'you know, Miss Foster, I've never been down to this harbour before, although I've seen it, of course, from the Spa. It isn't in it with Southend or Southsea."

"I don't know Southend, and I don't know Southsea," snapped Heather; "but I didn't ask you to come. Southend's only a mud-bank, isn't it? And as for Southsea, it's only on a sort of river. Anyway, you don't get the smashing seas there that we get here."

She spoke ferociously, and Wankle was glad that no one heard her. "They're quite the Viking type," he continued, in somewhat pitying tones, because he assumed that she did not know what a Viking was. He had served in a Bond Street shop before starting business at Rockborough, and in his heart classed Heather with the bourgeoisie. "Now, that big, burly, blustering fellow, who seems to be the captain," he continued, "if he were dressed like a Christian, would look wonderful. I can just fancy him in the Row in a silk hat and frock-coat. People would think he was an explorer or something. Now come, how do you really think he'd look?"

Wankle glanced somewhat languishingly at Heather. He posed so that both his rings showed, also the pearl—it was not a pearl, but it looked like one—in his scarf, which was fastened into a sailor's knot, and pointed at the skipper with his cane.

Heather rudely knocked the cane down. "Don't point!" she ordered. "It's bad manners! And you nearly tilted my hat off!"

The smile vanished from Wankle's face. This daughter of a North Sea man dared to teach manners to him!

"And if you came down to the Harbour oftener," added Heather, who was in an exceedingly bad temper, "you would know that it's a silly thing to stand on a rope like that!"

"I'll stand on the thing if I like," retorted Wankle hotly. He had deliberately planted his feet on the after-rope by which the steamboat was moored to a post on the quay. It was the easiest way he knew of adding to his stature.

Heather stepped quickly from his side, because she saw that the boatswain was hurrying ashore from the vessel with amazing speed.

The boatswain breathed heavily as he rushed past her to the post, and the skipper was watching with a puzzled air.

Then Heather gave a little scream, for the boatswain had tautened the mooring-rope; he had pulled upon it with all his vast strength, and Lessel Wankle had been shot into the harbour precisely as a bow is shot from an arrow: only he did not make quite so long or swift or graceful a flight. He simply tumbled head over heels into the water, and as it was the top of the flood, he disappeared.

The last that was seen of Lessel Wankle was his dainty patent boots; the first that was observed when he reappeared on the surface of the water was his terror-stricken face. He could not swim, and he struggled fiercely. He also screamed, and that hardened Heather's heart against him. It had never been particularly soft, inasmuch as, being what Nature had made her, she loved a man.

Heather did not move: she did not make a sound; she did not turn away her head. She was somewhat stunned, but not astonished, by this swift happening. She had seen and heard of strange performances by mooring-ropes.

At last she did make a sound, but it was a cry of joy, for the skipper, who had thrown his hat and coat upon the deck of his steamboat, had sprung over the taffrail, and was already swimming towards his drowning rival. He cautiously waited until Wankle, exhausted and despairing, was throwing up his hands and sinking finally; then with a few strong strokes he was at the back of him. He seized him by the hair with his left hand, and with his right he caught a rope which the boatswain had thrown out.

"Get this chap up," commanded the skipper, "an' fetch him round. I don't think there's much wrong with him except funk."

The boatswain bent over the edge of the pier and lifted Wankle out of the skipper's arms. He carried the limp form into the middle of the roadway, and instantly returned to help the skipper; but Willing was swimming away again. He rounded the steamboat's stern, and, having reached the off-side, he drew himself up over the low rail amidships, and shook himself on deck.

"Why, bless my soul!—or dash my buttons!—what's this?" he demanded. "Come, come, there's people watchin', an' they'll snigger!" He struggled feebly; but a pair of white and strong arms were round his neck, and a head which was surmounted by a crumpled hat was seeking a resting-place on his shoulder.

"Let them watch!" sobbed Heather. "I'm only comin' into my real own! I always said I'd marry a hero—and I will!"

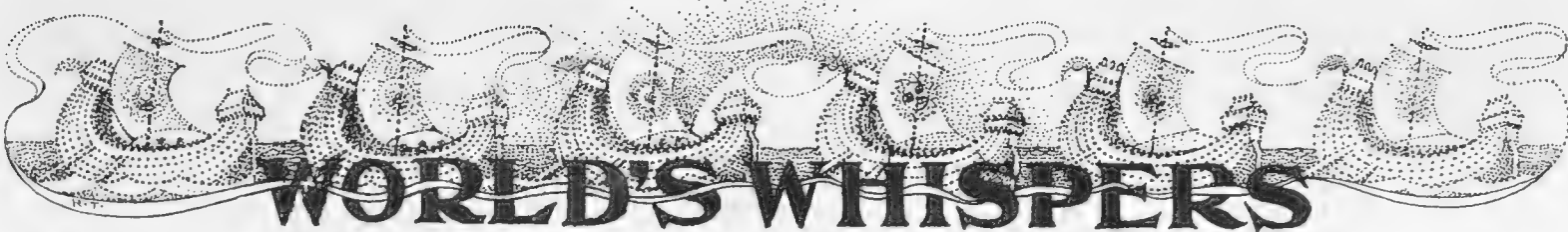
"The way she put it helped me out of a lot of trouble," said the skipper to the boatswain, late in the evening, in the cabin of the steamboat. "But it was beautiful to feel that I'd really got her. And you say that Waffles, or whatever they call him, is all right and out of danger?"

"He was never in it," replied the boatswain. "I've told the missis 'at I shall be a skipper in a year, and she's already been writing 'Mrs. Captain Cox' on a envelope, an' talkin' about the friends she'll have to choke off."

"It's a bit previous, old Arthur," said the skipper, who was putting the finishing touches to his dress and deportment, as he was supping with the Foster family; "but still, the end's the same as if you'd really worked it, an' not done the trick by accident."

"Accident!" exclaimed the boatswain in a low voice. He looked warily round the cabin; but they were the only two men left on board. "There was no accident in it, I can tell you. The thing came like a flash o' poetry—'im on the warp—in that silly way, with his feet; me dashin' ashore, just as the *Glory* was rangin' an' pretendin' to cast the rope off, to 'aul in the slack, when, as a matter of fact, I was jerkin' that Wankle into the 'arbour! I knew you'd take your chance to be a 'ero—an' you did!"

THE END.



MR. ANSTEY has been thanking his stars that he keeps a diary, the habit having absolved him from the charge of plagiarism lately made against "The Brass Bottle." But Mr. Ansteys journal does not compare with Lady Butler's. The book about her travels which she is on the point of publishing is due to the diary she has kept with unfailing regularity since her childhood—long before the time when "The Roll Call" brought her such sudden fame that even when she travelled people would hang about to see her at her hotel door. Probably to no other artist in England was an incognito ever a necessity of personal convenience. Lady Butler now lives at Bansha Castle, County Tipperary, but recently, while Sir William Butler has been busy with Boards

Norfolk Aids. The Viscount of the street-organ has passed, but there is still a Duke who is a devotee of the instrument. Coppers have been seen flying in wonderful

Few people share this passion; and if Mr. William Michael Rossetti never fails to enter into courteous conversation with the organists who visit his street, it is more out of friendliness towards his father's fellow-countrymen than in any devotion for their music. Ask an Italian organ-man, in Italian, from what city he comes, and pay that city some little compliment, with something handsome about the Italian sun, and he is made happy.

The Baronet and the Ghost. Sir George Sitwell is an old offender in the matter of ghosts, and although he does not claim to have seen the uninvited guest who has disturbed a house-party at his place near Chesterfield, he makes no secret



LADY CARDIGAN'S MOTHER: LADY LOUISA DE HORSEY AND HER THREE CHILDREN.

"My father," writes Lady Cardigan, "was Spencer Horsey de Horsey, who married Lady Louisa Maria Judith, youngest daughter of the first Earl of Stradbroke, and I was their eldest child. . . . My earliest recollections must be of the lovely young mother who adored us all, and who was so adored by us."

LADY CARDIGAN'S AMAZING REVELATIONS: THE FAMOUS BEAUTY OF A PAST AGE AT DIFFERENT PERIODS OF HER LIFE. AND HER SECOND HUSBAND.

Illustrations reproduced from "My Recollections," by the Countess of Cardigan and Lancastre, by courtesy of the publisher, Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

profusion when some wandering musician of the handle has made himself heard in St. James's Square when the Duke of Norfolk is in town.



SALUTED AS PROSPECTIVE QUEEN OF SPAIN: THE COUNTESS OF CARDIGAN, FROM A BUST BY BOEHM.

The Countess was at one time engaged to the Count Montemolin, Pretender to the Spanish throne. "The great Lord Brougham," she writes, "one day when he was walking in the gardens, talking about my approaching marriage, suddenly dropped on one knee, and taking my hand, kissed it, saying as he did so, 'Let me be the first to kiss your hand as future Queen of Spain.'"

of having himself dabbled in spirit-lore in the past. But his chief hobby is the garden. He can vouch for having visited at least two hundred gardens in Italy; and in them he has learned that the English garden is generally lacking in repose and always in imagination. It was from his own Italianate garden, which does not, of course, lack imagination, that his ghost entered his house. Sir George published his last book and his ghost at almost the same time, and he must forgive us for searching his pages for the cause of unrest in the world of spirits. Perhaps some past church-goer of Chesterfield resents that passage in which, after a plea for the garden nymph and satyr, the author says that there should not vibrate through the garden "the menacing voice of the church-bell lest it beat down the petals of the pagan roses." Sir George himself, by the way, lacked no repose when he sat or stood to Sargent for his portrait a few years ago—he showed he could add to the glories of his name and stand as well as sit well.



ONCE AROUSED AT 7 A.M. TO RECEIVE A PROPOSAL: THE COUNTESS OF CARDIGAN.

"On the morning of July 12, 1858," writes Lady Cardigan, "I was awakened by a loud knocking at the front door. . . . It was Lord Cardigan! I had just time to slip on a dressing-gown before he came into my room, sans cérémonie, and taking me in his arms, he said, 'My dearest, she's dead . . . let's get married at once.'"

The "she" referred to was his first wife.

and Commissions in Dublin, she too has been much seen there at the various Vice-regal functions.

To St. Helier! Lady St. Helier is another keeper of diaries—sometimes, perhaps, a day late! One of the cleverest hostesses of her generation, she brought people into pleasant association while her husband was assisting people to break seriously asunder. Both in Wimpole Street and Harley Street, her brilliant parties set at naught the melancholy traditions of those thoroughfares, and brought to her door the most famous guests. Was it not of her that it was said that if the King of the Cannibal Islands came to town to-day he would lunch with her to-morrow, even at the sacrifice of a domestic? She is no longer the *jeune fille*, and her "Memories of Fifty Years" will belong to all of us in the autumn, jostling with the "South African Memories" of Lady Sarah Wilson. When the "Memories of Fifty Years" appears we shall go to Helier—Helier with the prefixing Saint to condition it.



A MARRIAGE WHICH ANNOYED QUEEN VICTORIA: THE COUNT DE LANCASTRE, SECOND HUSBAND OF THE COUNTESS OF CARDIGAN.

"The late Queen was most kind to me when I was young," writes Lady Cardigan; "but I fear the way in which I defied convention before I married Lord Cardigan did not prepossess her favourably to me, and my second marriage greatly displeased her, as by it I took the title of Lancastre, which she was so fond of using when she travelled incognito."

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Races to Come. There will be a fine race for the Duke of York Stakes at Kempton Park on Oct. 9 if the favourites go to the post. Unfortunately, this event is set to be run four days before that for the Cesarewitch, and for that reason there is no ante-post betting on the Kempton affair. However, there should be a very fair contest at Sunbury, and the winner may take a lot of finding. Strickland, who has been under the salt-water cure at Yarmouth, is now in good work again at Newmarket, and if at anything like his old form he must have a big chance, as he is in with 6 st. 10 lb., a very light weight for a horse of his class. I think Arranmore has a chance. He is a much-improved animal. Hayden, a winner over the course and a good horse to boot, will run well. Prester Jack may not quite stay the course, and the same remark will apply to The Tower, who is a smasher over a mile. I do not think Ballot will carry 9 st. 5 lb. to victory, but Duke Michael, if saved for the race, should go close. At present I fancy Strickland. The Cesarewitch has been productive of a little speculation, but the market has not as yet settled down into anything like shipshape order, and owners' commissions have not yet been executed. I am told Shuletoi will go very close, while K.C.B., if the better of Lewis's two, is very likely to be placed. I think Christmas Daisy will do better in the Cambridge-shire than he did in the Prince Edward Handicap, as the distance is a furlong shorter. If he is better than Mat o' the Mint he will very likely win.

National Hunt Racing. If we get an open winter, some capital sport under National Hunt Rules will be enjoyed by lovers of the winter game. Already some trainers are busy with their leppers, and the early meetings will, as usual, yield well in the matter of runners. Mr. Frank Hartigan has a stable of good jumpers at Weyhill, and Mr. Perse has many in training in Stockbridge, while the Hon. A. Hastings has several useful performers at Wroughton. Harry Escott, at Lewes, has several useful jumpers under his charge, as has Willie Nightingall at Epsom; while at the latter place, Tabor, Phillips, Wootton, Duller, Gleeson, and Goby will be busily engaged preparing jumpers. Cort trains a number of useful jumpers for Captain Bewicke at Collingbourne; while E. Hunt, at Heddington, has some good animals under his charge. Of the Lambourne trainers, Hallick and Martin favour the winter game; while both Mr. Beardsley and Mr. R. C. Dawson, who train at Whatcombe, run several animals under National Hunt Rules. Mr. Bob Gore, of Findon, has some of

the best jumpers in training under his charge, and his near neighbour, Captain Saunders Davies, of Michel Grove, is very likely to send out a good winner or two during the winter months. Mr. Parkes, who was at one time a Church of England clergyman, has some jumpers under his charge at Aveley, in Essex, while Mr. T. C. Allen Jeffreys, who is a barrister, trains his own jumpers at Stoughton, near Chichester. The Midland stables will no doubt be successful as usual this winter. L. Rooney and W. Woodland have some good jumpers at Hednesford, in Staffordshire, while I am told A. Newey, the steeplechase jockey, has set up as public trainer here. It will be remembered that Newey rode Eremon to victory in the Grand National. He is a good jockey and a good judge of a jumper.

Sharp Practice.

We see a lot of in and out running on the Turf now, as we have done during the last thirty years; but I think a great deal of it is to be attributed to the mediocrity of many of our present-day jockeys of the second class. I fancy the game is carried on in a more honourable fashion than it was some years back when a jockey ring was in full swing. Then we often saw some amazing results, and I have heard that the members of the ring adopted some marvellous tactics to achieve their ends. They used to ride byes on good horses, and then back them when they were ridden in future events by a jockey who was not of the ring, but who they knew could be trusted to do his best at all times. Thus an innocent boy was used to do their dirty work for them. When the history of that ring comes to be written (and I hope it may be some day) it should form very interesting reading. Many of us who had a reputation to keep up by our vaticinatory powers felt the effects of their doings, and in my own case it was aggravating in the extreme. I heard that two peers, who are both living, had a standing order with their commission-agent to invest £150 daily on my napped selection; and it persistently missed fire for nearly three weeks, and then it only came off because the winning horse was owned by one of the peers in question. The subsequent form shown by many of the horses was simply astounding, but in nearly every case they were ridden by jockeys outside the ring when they won. I, for one, was quite relieved when I heard that the two peers had given up plunging on my nap selections.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



AN AMUSING CARICATURE OF MR. JOHN BALL, SIX TIMES WINNER OF THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP, AND EX-OPEN CHAMPION.

Mr. John Ball, the subject of this amusing caricature (which, by the way, hails from America), is one of our doughtiest golfers. He has won the amateur championship no less than six times—at Prestwick in 1888, at Hoylake in 1890, at Sandwich in 1892, at Hoylake in 1894, at Prestwick in 1899 (after a tie with the late Lieut. F. G. Tait), and at St. Andrews in 1907. In 1887 he was runner-up, and in 1895 he lost after a tie. He won the open championship in 1890 at Prestwick, and the Irish open amateur championship in 1893, 1894, and 1899.



Dustlessness a Selling Point.

Notwithstanding the apathetic disinclination of the trade as a whole to participation in dust trials, such trials will be held by the adhesion

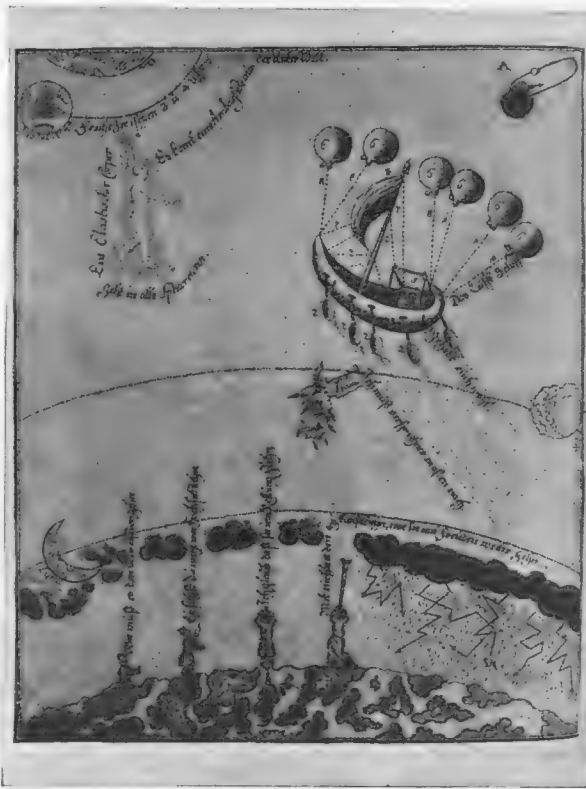
some form of night-goggles which would do in a measure for the motorist what night-glasses do for the navigator. Who will profit by this suggestion?

of private owners. Certain manufacturers and some technical journalists have been at considerable pains to throw cold water upon these trials on the ground that they have proved nothing, and nothing has been learned from them. As an eye-witness of all the trials except the first series, I entirely disagree with these critics, and make bold to say that those of them who make or own dusty cars might gather much instruction from these experiments. I fancy the hesitation on the makers' part is mainly due to a disinclination to alter standards to accord with the lines of those cars that have proved themselves to be more or less dustless. Any car which, giving everything else equal, could be hall-marked by the R.A.C. as a remarkably dustless car would be endowed with an invaluable selling point, and this being so, I cannot understand why designers who are so keen after improvements in all other directions should not be more earnest and searching in this direction. If my memory serves me aright, the White Steam car has been barred from the last two dust competitions for the reason that it was so dustless comparatively that few if any of the other cars had a chance. If this be so, it is surely not impossible to embody the dustless points of a White in the body-design of a petrol car.

Night-Glasses for Motorists.

Even with such grand light-throwers as the well-known Blériot

head-lamps—designed, by the way, by the famous aviator whose name they bear—the facilities for night driving might be added to in more ways than one. I cannot suggest any improvement in the lamps; they appear to be as perfect as science, workmanship, and material can make them; but I should like to direct the attention of some enterprising optician to the production of some kind of night-glasses for motorists. I am moved to this by an experience while crossing the Channel the other night. I was permitted to use a pair of night-glasses belonging to one of the officers, and, having no previous experience of such an instrument, I was astonished to find how clearly objects quite unperceivable by the naked eye were brought out almost in detail when the glasses were used. It occurred to me then that surely optical science is capable of producing



A ZEPPELIN BEFORE BALLOONS WERE INVENTED: THE CURIOUS TITLE-PAGE OF AN 18TH-CENTURY BOOK.

It is strange that the prophetic soul of the author of this illustration should have conceived the idea of a dirigible air-ship even before the ordinary balloon was much advanced, for the first ascent in a balloon was not made till 1783. The picture forms the title-page of an 18th-century book on natural science, by J. C. Kindermann, now in the Royal Library at Berlin.—[Photograph by L.E.A.]

Decapitation by Wire.

A few days ago, two farm labourers were prosecuted at Woking for having stretched a steel wire across the road at Ripley, and caused a motor-cyclist to throw himself off his machine to avoid having his face cut, or worse. These men were fined the appalling sum of thirty shillings each, and were severely admonished. Now mind of man could hardly devise a more devilish trick than this, for the consequences might have been, and probably were intended by these miscreants to be, a great deal more serious than they were. It might easily have been a lady motorist's face cut to ribbons, a pretty girl disfigured for life, and all the punishment for a freak fraught with such devilish possibilities is thirty shillings. I wonder what attitude the Bench would have assumed if some such lamentable injury had been inflicted on a lady of their family while driving in a trap. Also, the police officer stated in Court that this was not the first time this had occurred at Ripley. If so, where were he and his fellows at the time? Trapping motorists on the open road?

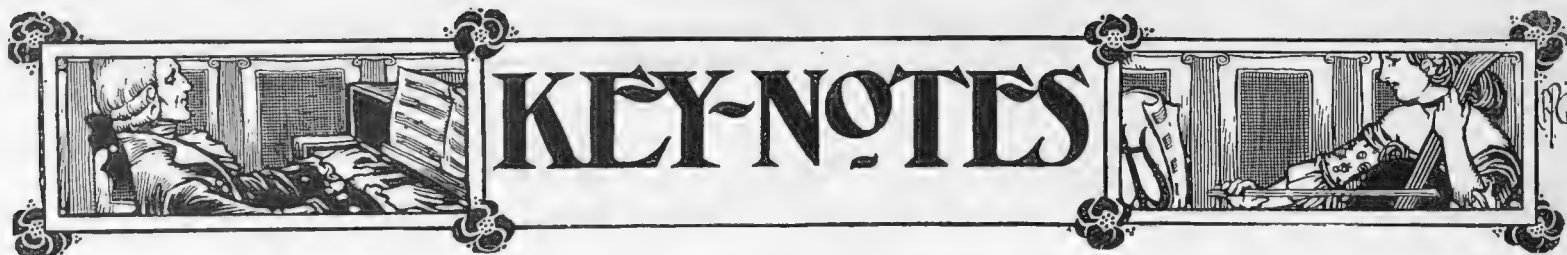
All Road-Users to Pay Road Taxes.

Apart from the increased license fees and the petrol tax, Mr. Lloyd George deserves the thanks of the motor community for having attempted to crystallise the idea of a Central Road Authority. Should the Budget disappear, and the country presently find itself in the throes of a General Election, the motorist would do well if he would refuse to help either with vote or car any candidate who will not pledge himself to the support of a Central Road Authority, taking toll from every wheeled vehicle which uses the roads. That is the only fair and straightforward issue from the matter; and did such a condition of things obtain, no class of traffic would pay its proportion with greater willingness than the ever-increasing section called automobilists. The present patchwork administration of our roads is a reflection upon a nation presumed to be gifted with an average amount of common-sense. Also that one class of traffic, and that doing least damage to the roads, should be heavily taxed for improvements which will greatly benefit all the other classes is as ludicrous as it is unjust.



A PROPHETIC POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF: A HUMOROUS FORECAST OF FUTURE TRACTION THAT HAS BEEN NEARLY FULFILLED.

This curiously prophetic pocket-handkerchief, which is about one hundred years old, is in the possession of the Patents Office Library. It was originally published as a humorous skit, but it will be seen that most of the things ridiculed then are now everyday occurrences. Every description of modern motor transit both by road and air is prophesied on the handkerchief. Possibly some of the "Sketch's" prophetic cartoons will likewise one day become ancient history.—[Photograph by Graham Ellery.]



Elgar's Symphony Again.

The promised performance at the Promenade Concerts of Sir Edward Elgar's first Symphony has been postponed until to-night, when the most popular important work of the past year will achieve something like its seventieth rendering, though the first only dates back to last winter.

It is hardly surprising to hear that the composer is at work upon a second symphony, though the wish may be the father to the thought among those who speak about it. But when a British musician's symphony becomes at once so popular that it can achieve seventy performances within a year, we begin to wonder why one work should be so favoured, while half-a-dozen important and finely composed symphonies by as many living British composers have not accomplished as much between



THE SINGER WHO COULD HAVE FILLED THE ALBERT HALL TEN TIMES OVER: SIGNOR CARUSO.

When Signor Caruso, during his recent British tour, made his only appearance of the season at the Albert Hall, the great building might have been filled many times over, if all could have been accommodated who desired to hear the famous tenor. Those who were successful in getting in enjoyed a rare treat, for Caruso had not been heard in London for two years.

From a Pastel Drawing by Antonio Argenti.

them. The reasons are many. In the first place, Sir Edward Elgar has interested the public, and his earlier writing has all the elements of popularity. Then "The Dream of Gerontius" and "The Apostles" showed the composer in another mood: they suggested the mystic and the devotee, and there is a large public appreciation for both. The new Symphony was announced, and the Press took such a keen interest in the production that one might have thought it would be the first work in true symphonic form ever composed by a Briton. Expectation was very keen, and when the work was given the writers of analyses for programmes parted company with restraint. The work, we were assured, was an expression of Faith, a revelation of belief, a combat between light and darkness, an outlook upon spiritual life, and a lot of other things. Sir Edward Elgar may well have wondered at the prescience of the scribes, seeing that he had offered no explanations.

Why it is Popular. But while all these adventitious aids might have established an interest in the work for a little time, they could have done nothing to maintain its popularity. For this one must look to the real merit of the music, and it is not far to seek. The thematic material is simple, engaging, and clearly defined the developments are straightforward, the handling of the main ideas is extremely clever, yet not clever enough to escape observation or defy analysis. The average listener not only discovers what Sir Edward has done, but congratulates himself upon the discovery. In short, the composer has dealt straightforwardly with his audience, and by so doing has reaped the reward denied to those who endeavour to puzzle, distract, and even baffle their listeners. In the past year or two several of our younger British composers have come forward with work that has passed stillborn from the orchestra, not because it lacked inspiration or cleverness in treatment, but because it was written for the next decade instead of this one. Many a music-loving Briton who has been nurtured on Bach and Beethoven, and has managed with an effort to assimilate Wagner and Brahms, would like to support British composers, but is compelled to complain that the most of them pelt him with discords, and rely far more upon the follies burlesqued in the Graves-Stanford "Ode to Discord" than upon serious inspiration expressed along reasonable lines. Elgar has succeeded easily in avoiding the reproach of

dullness that has been urged with fatal effect against so many living composers in this country.

The Home Music-Study Union.

Under the presidency of that fine musician, accomplished scholar, and delightful writer, Mr. W. H. Hadow, of Worcester College, Oxford, the Home Music-Study Union is entering upon its third season. Such work as the Union undertakes is bound to have a very important and beneficial effect upon musical culture in this country. Its objects are to help members to perform or listen to music with some knowledge of its form and history, and to band together those who believe in the moral and intellectual influence of music. For the work undertaken, Sir Hubert Parry's valuable work, "Studies of Great Composers," is one of the text-books, and a special cheap edition is issued to members. A monthly journal, *The Music Student*, issues hints to its readers on the reading of the selected course, and publishes a graded list of pieces for performance by members. The subscription, which is only two shillings and ninepence per annum, places the work of the Union within the reach of all, and two members of a family can join for a subscription and a half. The H.M.S.U. is affiliated with the National Home Reading Union, which is another growing power in the intellectual life of the rising generation. The offices of both Societies are in York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.

The Need of the Time.

Few who study the state of musical education in this country will deny the crying need for the work that the Union desires to promote. Of technical efficiency we have enough and to spare, but it is astonishing to find that the young professional who has pleased an audience with the interpretation of serious work fails utterly in an endeavour to render something much simpler. A little inquiry reveals the truth. The young player has a small repertoire of show pieces, carefully studied under a master of repute, studied rather than understood. The foundations of the expression and the nuances that delight the ear are not understood: a piece is played as an address is learned by a public speaker whose occasional appearances upon the platform are absolutely necessary. If the H.M.S.U. can lead its members to learn the principles of interpretation from the beginning, and apply them to all works in turn, the general level of playing will rise appreciably, and those who do not play will learn to understand and appreciate much of the beauty that passes them by to-day.



SINGING CARMEN IN ENGLISH: MADAME MARIA GAY, NOW WITH THE MOODY-MANNERS OPERA COMPANY.

Madame Maria Gay, who has recently joined the Moody-Manners Opera Company, made her first appearance under that management as Carmen at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham, last week, and gave a notable rendering of the part. On Friday she appeared as Ortrud in "Lohengrin."

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

He, She, and the Great Divide.

The new American play at the Adelphi contains one amazingly thrilling incident, which may be described as Woman's final protest at marriage by capture. Time was (and the custom still exists among remote tribes), when prehistoric Man wished to marry, he stalked out of his tent, seized the nearest girl by the hair, clubbed her senseless, and dragged her into his tent, there to make her the lifelong partner of his joys and sorrows. In some such fashion does Stephen Ghent, miner, behave towards the feminine product of all the culture of Massachusetts, who is staying with her brother on a ranch in Arizona. Yet, strange to say, after much misunderstanding, anguish, and separation, Massachusetts and Arizona fall into each other's arms at the end, in spite of the difference in manners, morals, and sentiments between



[Copyright.]

A TRICORN HAT OF RUSSET-RED VELVET, WITH GOLD EMBROIDERY AND A PINK OSTRICH-FEATHER.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

them. Ruth Jordan has what old folks used to call "a pretty spirit," and objects to being bought with nuggets of gold, trinkets, or palaces built in Spanish fashion. "Momma," in her easy chair in New England, thinks that her daughter should have died rather than submit to her undignified capture, but Ruth has, in her heart of hearts, a modern and somewhat Nietzschean view of human conduct, and is persuaded at last that joy and the will to live (even if expressed violently) are better than Puritan self-torture and abnegation. So, at the Adelphi, everything happens for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

Women and Patterns.

Patterns, it seems, are doomed as a form of decoration. In England, they were most truculent during the 'eighties, when William Morris was at his apogee. This was a period when myriads of greenish apples covered our walls, pomegranates sprawled over the sofas, and any huge and dish-like flower was held to be suitable as an ornament for curtains. On carpets, furniture, and walls one searched in vain for one clear space, one undecorated spot, and eyes and nerves suffered from this plethora of patterns. It has been stated that flowery or arabesqued wall-papers in sick-rooms "have rendered more patients delirious than all the diseases combined." Evidently, plain, light wall-decorations are the only possible ones in an age of worry and neurasthenia. For one thing, they reflect more light, and the house of the future is going to be much more efficiently and evenly lighted than those we live in now. But the tendency to discard patterns is seen in everything. We no longer wear them on our clothes. Some of us are not too young to remember certain vast matrons, garbed in maroon or peacock-green brocade, who inspired awe and fear in the youthful spectator. I never see such portentous females nowadays, and it may be the modern middle-aged woman owes much of her comparative slowness to the absence of arabesques or sprays of roses all over her person. Anyway, the designer of patterns had best look out for another occupation.

The Child and the Dinner Table.

The children, it seems, are to be taught the art of polite conversation, and encouraged to become *raconteurs* at the lunch-table. "Conversation as a Means of Education" is the title of an essay by Mr. Oscar Browning in the *Parents' Review*, in which he urges upon

schoolmasters the advantage of introducing the topics of the day at the dinner-table. The presence of cultured ladies and other visitors is also to be encouraged, principally to "check that coarse and vulgar familiarity" which usually passes for friendship between Smith major and Jones minor. Grins, gurgles, and nudging, it is true, are too often the only form of intercourse between small schoolboys and schoolgirls. "Boys," says Mr. Maurice Hewlett in his new novel, "seldom laugh unless someone is hurt by accident." When Mr. Hewlett's schoolboy was amused "he appeared to choke, and immediately began to work at something with energy." Under the new régime, small boys are to be taught that it is not incompatible with their dignity to laugh, and that to be inarticulate at meal-times is not necessarily the whole art of polite behaviour. Then, if the topics of the day are to be argued at length by the curly imps of the nursery, we may expect some entertaining opinions. In a recent novel which purported to describe the true inwardness of a great popular newspaper office, the editor was depicted as always consulting a very diminutive office-boy on the burning questions of the day, and basing his policy on the urchin's answer. The experiment of making children talk entertainingly should certainly be tried, if only to remedy our national lack of the art of conversation.

Monsters of Perfection.

Whenever I see portrayed in a novel by Meredith or some other master the character of some peerless young girl who is without fleck or flaw, who has, mentally, morally, and physically, every attraction, I ponder on the incalculable harm done by these great writers in their zeal to uphold the feminine ideal. Few women writers make their female characters such monsters of perfection; they know the harm these exaggerations do to the sex at large. For there is no doubt that multitudes of mediocre young persons read these romances and imagine themselves to be the prototypes of the Clara Middletons and Diana Vernons of fiction. They have an altogether exaggerated estimate of their persons, their mental attributes, and the place they fill in civilisation. They are unhappy when no adventures, no complications, no Prince Charming comes their way. It is a moot point whether the realistic heroines of Bernard Shaw, with their tempers, their jealousies, and their modern outlook, are not far more wholesome fare for our girls than those visions of a purely masculine ideal.



[Copyright.]

AN AFTERNOON GOWN OF MUSHROOM-PINK DRAP-DE-CHINE, WITH SLEEVES AND VEST OF FLESH-HUED CHIFFON.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

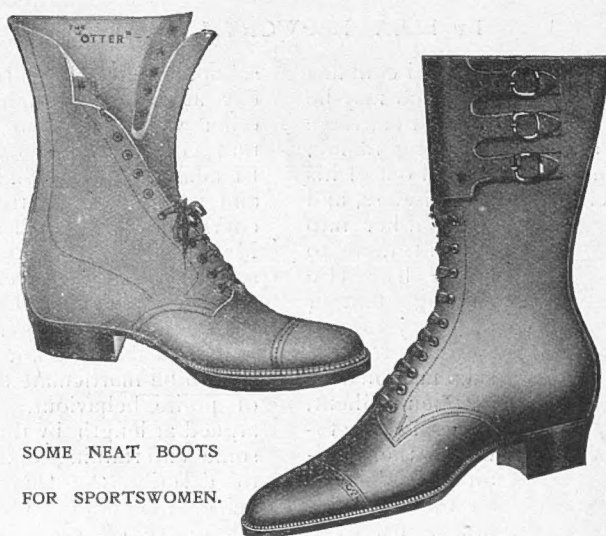
A Lovely Home. Lady Dorothy Wood, whose country wedding last week was so much admired, might well set—or, rather, revive—a fashion in such marriages, had every bride so beautiful an ancestral home as hers. The park is particularly lovely to look out over, because of its undulations and fine timber. Then Lady Onslow loves hardy flowers, and the grounds bear remarkably charming witness to her taste in this respect. While the glass is sufficient for fruit and choice plants and flowers for the house in winter, the gardening in the grounds is a joy which way the visitor may look. A Maori council-house, brought home by Lord Onslow from New Zealand after his term as Governor-General there, stands—as, according to Maori ethics, it should do—beside running water. On all sides of it are flowers, mostly such as would grow near it in New Zealand. From Clandon Park, the bride will go to live at Temple Newsham, which is another lovely home left to Mr. Wood by his aunt.

A House-Party Dress. Mothers with daughters to marry (if there are any left at a time when girls emerge from the school-room with their life-programme made up, marriage usually included only as a means, never as an end) take more pains over their girls' house-party frocks than over any others. This season, when country-houses are filled ostensibly to shoot the nimble part-ridge and the swift hare, while after to-morrow the long-tails will have their turn, is productive of more engagements than any other. While the birds are shot, Cupid is busy shooting at the shooters. On "Woman's Ways" page, an afternoon gown is depicted which will materially aid the little fellow's warfare. It is of drap-de-Chine, in a soft shade of button-mushroom pink. The bold embroidery is in velvet almost russet-red, and silk even paler than the gown. The sleeves and vest are of flesh-hued tucked chiffon. There is a drawing also of a tricorne hat of velvet of russet-red, finished with a band of handsome gold embroidery, in dull, bright, pale, and dead shades, and with flesh-pink ostrich-feathers.

A New Hostess. Countess Torby, wife of the Grand Duke Michael Michailovitch of Russia, is not a new hostess in one way. She has had house parties, at one of which the King was her guest at Keele Hall, Staffordshire, the place which his Imperial Highness rented from Mr. Ralph Sneyd. Now, however, this delightful artistic lady, who was before her marriage Countess Sophie de Merenberg, a branch of the family of the Grand Duke of Luxemburg, is about to become a London hostess, and that on the eve of her elder daughter (who is in her seventeenth year) entering English society. The Grand Duke has secured a long-lease of Kenwood, the Earl of Mansfield's lovely old place at Hampstead. The estate of fifty acres is of great sylvan loveliness, and the house is a noble example of the work of Robert Adam. In it is a fine library and a lovely music-room, which will appeal to its new mistress, who is a clever musician and sings delightfully.

The Countess, who was in her twentieth year when she married, is very handsome, fair, and blue-eyed, and dresses always beautifully. Kenwood, which is being most carefully and delightfully prepared for occupation by its new owners, will doubtless often be the venue of those very smart sylvan parties which are becoming so much the fashion, and which their Majesties so much enjoy.

Might and Right. An American lady asks me by what right Mr. William Rhinelander Stewart wore a kilt of Stewart tartan at his sister's wedding to Dom Miguel of Braganza. I wished she had asked me another question, and one easier to answer, for I don't know the pedigree of the Rhinelander branch of the Royal Stewarts. On second thoughts, it occurs to me that might is right, and Rhinelander must have some connection with the mailed fist. As a rule, the wearing of clan tartans is left, in Scotland, to members of the clans. A breach of this rule, however, is one of taste, and not of law, though Highlanders think the first is far the worse. Dom Miguel and his brother have been a great deal at Monte Carlo, and are well known as pigeon-shots there. The new Princess is not, I hear, so wealthy in her own right as has been reported, but her mother is enormously rich. The Prince is by no means wealthy for his position. His father has nine other children.



SOME NEAT BOOTS
FOR SPORTSWOMEN.

The boot on the left is the "Otter" boot, of real whaleskin, for sporting purposes, at 35s. 9d. It is also made in tan grain hide. The other is called the "Ladies' Field Boot," and the price is, 24s. 9d. It is made in black box-calf or tan willow-calf. These excellent boots are made by the London Shoe Company, of 123-5, Queen Victoria Street; 116-7, New Bond Street; and 21-2, Sloane Street, S.W.

Ease and Elegance. Englishwomen are now as neatly shod as their French sisters, than whom they have, as a rule, better shaped feet, if a little larger. The London Shoe Company, of 123-5, Queen Victoria Street, with a luxurious, spacious, and handsome West-End branch at 21-2, Sloane Street, have issued a very fine illustrated catalogue, which customers and intending purchasers can have on application, and which will always be useful for reference. The Company have the largest stock of boots and shoes in Europe: there is nothing in the way of easy elegance for footwear that they do not supply. The illustrations are all on art-paper, and are a real guide to the boots and shoes. It is comprehensive, too. Footwear of all kinds for men, ladies, and children; shoe-buckles, nails and spikes, polishes, ladies' hosiery, and ladies' and gentlemen's gloves are all illustrated in pleasing variety. The cover is royal purple; on it are the royal arms of the appointment as boot and shoe makers to the Princess of Wales, which the company holds.

Furs. "The World's Furriers" is the title of a beautifully got-up catalogue for 1909-10, issued by Peter Robinson, of Oxford Street. It is a reliable guide to the fashions in fur, and the illustrations are most attractive. Prices are stated clearly in every instance; they are, because of the enormous business done by the firm, exceptionally advantageous to customers, which is a distinct benefit, as the furs are the finest, the fashions the latest, and the work that of the most experienced furriers. From Russian sables at hundreds of guineas to a wonderful fur-lined coat, with collar and revers of smoked opossum, at three and a half guineas, the catalogue is full of valuable hints to fur-buyers. It is an absorbing booklet to fur-fashion-seekers, and will be sent free of charge on application.



WE ARE SEVEN—AND SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN: ONE OF THE FORTY-FIVE OXO CATTLE-FARMS, SHOWN AT THE OXO RECEPTION BY CINEMATOGRAPH. As a result of the recent Oxo competitions (in connection with which four prize-winners are to go on a trip of 14,000 miles to the Oxo cattle-farms in South America), five hundred people have been invited to London, in batches of a hundred at a time, to visit the Oxo model factory on the south side of Southwark Bridge. A reception was held there last week to welcome the third of these parties, and among the numerous entertainments provided was a cinematograph show illustrating a voyage to South America and life on an Oxo and Lemco cattle-farm. Our illustration is reproduced from one of these moving photographs.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 12.

THE HARVEST IN CANADA.

EVERY mail brings its testimony to the fact that the harvest in Canada this autumn will be on a splendid scale. Each little newspaper from the grain-belts gives statistics that need no frothy optimism to enhance their solid value. The Canadian, of course, is nothing if not literally truthful when dwelling upon the glories of his country, so there is no need to introduce so much as a speck of salt into the grain prophecies that reach these shores. We happen to know, however, of banks that are enlarging their premises, stores which have doubled their stocks of machinery, of clothes, and all kinds of dry goods, farmers who are embarking quite lavishly upon new purchases. Such indications—and others which we could quote from impartial witness—cannot be ignored, and the present "fall" should prove amongst the happiest which the Dominion has enjoyed. The railroads naturally come in for the first-fruits of the harvest, and it is not surprising to see how firm the market keeps in the securities of the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk. To sell Canadian issues just now would be waste of money.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Yes, there is business about," and the speaker nodded pleasantly. "Rhodesians may not be worth the money, but we're doing well enough ourselves," and he sipped his coffee as though he were friends with all the world.

Our Stroller plucked up courage to ask if all the Rhodesians were too high.

"Probably," was the reply, as the speaker took up a cube of sugar and calmly flicked it in the face of a man opposite. "I am told to buy Jumbos—"

"Yes, if Rhodesians keep moving, Jumbos are the things to be on," agreed the other man, dropping retaliatory cigar-ash over the hand of his *vis-à-vis*.

"Too professional to please me—this rise," snorted another from a table across the gangway. "Somebody's going to be left nursing the baby, as usual. Poor old public!"—and he sighed heavily.

"Nevertheless, I'm backing Jumbo for a place"—and two of the party left pennies for the waiter and started for the street.

"Everything one would like to buy seems too high," complained Our Stroller to his broker.

The latter was trying to get a cigar-band off without breaking the leaf, but he paused in his absorbing occupation and readily agreed with his client.

"There are Rubber shares," continued our friend, "and Rhodesians and Diamonds and Yankees and Pekins and—everything, as I said before, that looks worth buying is too high already."

"Singular, isn't it?" returned the broker, lighting his cigar. "And, although we can put down most of the present-day evils to the crew of robbers at present misruling our country, it would puzzle even a Balfourite to connect the Budget with the high prices of Rhodesians and Rubbers and Shansis."

Our Stroller eyed him narrowly, but the broker smoked on without so much as a wink to hint at possible sarcasm.

"I'll have a hundred Jumbos," he ordered. "And there's a feeling in my bones that I must have a dash at Rubber shares. I know they are disgracefully high—"

"Gracefully, I think's the better word," laughed the broker.

"But I can't help wanting to be in the swim."

"Better have a few Rubber Estates, then," advised the broker. "They are not scandalously high, and I do think they are good things. Finished? Right you are. Try one of these."

The Street Market was noisy and crowded. Our Stroller managed to lose his chaperon, and glided into the shadow of the Jungle.

"My own opinion?" he heard somebody say. "Well, I charge six pounds five for that luxury."

"Your own opinion," repeated a second voice.

"Abbontiakoon, my beamish boy. Buy Abbonts., to put in your basket, and one day you will absolutely chortle in your joy. Only don't tell everyone what I say, will you?"

"My dear old boy," came the answer, ringed with pain, "just as though I should!"

"I don't see why he shouldn't," soliloquised the painstaking auditor, "unless he wants to buy more shares on the cheap. If it were I—"

A man bustled by, and nearly upset several others standing close to the kerb. The regular House chorus arose—

"Coming back, Sir?"

"Doing a pushing trade, aren't you?"

And so on.

"I distrust those Mexican Light and Power things," Our Stroller overheard a man declare. It doesn't appeal to me the way the prices are worked, and I wouldn't touch them with the blunt end of a carving-fork."

"All the good Industrials are so high, aren't they?" and The Stroller started at this echo to his previous plaint. "But what's a broker to do if his Radical clients insist upon buying what the papers call 'domestic securities'?"

"Stuff 'em into Home Rails, I suppose."

The other made an impatient exclamation. "People want to buy something that's going up, of course."

"Therefore they must buy the gamble of the moment and ignore the future. They must be in the fashion, whatever it costs, and they aren't content to put by stocks which are certain to have their turn. Everything has its turn, even worms and Home Rails."

"All very well to theorise like that; but look here, old man. Do you candidly think the Home Railway Market's got the ghost of a chance of rising, say, this side of Christmas?"

"Not a ghost of a chance that I can see. But you ought not to look at next Christmas. You must cast your prophetic optic into a farther future—"

"Oh, be hanged! A man wants to buy something that's going to rise to-morrow afternoon—not ten years hence."

"And that's as true a word as I've heard spoken in this Street," commented Our Stroller to himself. "It's platitude, of course, but it's Human Nature through and through. No Home Rails for me, even if there is a chance of a good rise ten years hence!"

The following note by "Q" upon Consolidated Goldfields and the Rubber position will be of interest, especially to the numerous readers who have asked us to obtain for them our valued correspondent's opinion on particular Kaffir and Rubber shares, a request which we are unable to comply with, as he does not profess to answer correspondents either privately or in the paper.

CONSOLIDATED GOLDFIELDS.

Unless I am much mistaken, there is going to be great activity, and possibly a sensational advance, in the price of Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa shares in the course of the next few months. Many people will remember how this Company took the lead in the acquisition of deep level claims on the Rand at a time when their value was not generally appreciated; history is now repeating itself, and this Company is again leading the way in West Africa and in Rhodesia. All the information which has so far trickled through with regard to the Abercorn district points to the discovery of a goldfield of phenomenal value, and it is hoped that more details will become available when the forthcoming report of the Goldfields Company is published. There can be no doubt that this report will be far the best yet issued, and there are already rumours of a large dividend and bonus. It is, of course, certain that the Company has made large profits in the period covered by the report, but it is not so clear that the time has come for big distributions. I expect to see these shares in the van of the next Kaffir movement—a movement which may not be long deferred.

Readers of *The Sketch* will not have been surprised at the continuous advance in the value of Rubber shares, which has been forecasted in these columns since the beginning of the year. It seems clear now that the big reaction in the price of the raw article which was to take place this autumn is deferred, at any rate, for another year, and therefore there is not likely to be any serious break in the share market. While I should not be inclined to recommend speculative purchases at current prices, all the leading shares are perfectly sound to hold for investment. I might mention especially such shares as *Bukit Rajah*, *Federated Selangor*, *Patalings*, and *Highlands and Lowlands*. The last-mentioned share is, perhaps, the cheapest in the market at current prices. The Company has over 5000 acres planted, and is rapidly making extensions. Within seven years the annual crop should amount to 2,000,000 lb. of rubber, which, at a sale price of 3s. per lb., would enable the Board to pay 60 per cent. per annum in dividend. I should not be surprised to see the fully paid shares at £5.

Q.

Saturday, Sept. 25, 1909.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

A. J.—We suppose what you want are reasonably safe securities not connected with South Africa, which, as investments, will pay 5 per cent. all round. We suggest (1) San Paulo New Loan. (2) Rio de Janeiro City New Loan. (3) River Plate Gas shares. (4) Villa Maria or Bahia Blanca Railway Guaranteed stock. (5) Cuba 5 per cent. Gold Bonds. (6) Gas Light and Coke Ordinary stock. (7) Mexican Central Railway Securities—B stock. (8) City of Tokio 5 per cent. Bonds. (9) Canadian Pacific Ordinary stock. (10) Waihi Gold-mining shares. If you do not mind the liability, you might—buy also a few shares such as Union Bank of Australia, Bank of Egypt, National Discount, and United States Debenture Corporation.

H. S. and W. I. S.—See "Q's" Note in this Issue. All your Companies are quite sound, except the third, of which we know nothing.

W. H. H.—The Trust seems to be a self-evident swindle; and when the three months is up, if you make a profit, we do not suppose you will get it. If you want the papers back, send a stamped and directed envelope.

JERRY.—See answer to "A. J." You can select from his list.

EVAN.—San Paulo 6 cent. Municipal bonds at 106 should do for your money. The tout's circular is clearly a fraud, and how you can be taken in by visions of making £60 out of £2 we can't imagine.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Newmarket I like these: Great Eastern Handicap, Vigilance; October Handicap, Nimrod; Thursday Nursery, Coronal; Snailwell Stakes, Pieman; Jockey Club Stakes, Phaleron; Ditch Mile Nursery, Firefly; Newmarket St. Leger, St. Victrix; Bretby Welter, Fortune Bay. These may run well at Alexandra Park: October Nursery, Lagadere; Southgate Welter, The Fastnet; Hornsey Handicap, Bustle. At Nottingham, Pine Knot may win the Bestwood Nursery and Benwhat the Southwell Plate.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Great Possessions."By MRS. WILFRID WARD.
(Longmans.)

There is no doubt that Molly Dexter, who was the child of a wicked mother, had a share of that mother's singularly unpleasant nature, and though Mrs. Wilfrid Ward makes her attractive to some people, she certainly describes a young woman not likely to be popular in cheerful society. Her introduction to the chaperon who was to pilot her through a London season was distinctly unpromising—

"And then you won't mind"—the chaperon had flashes of the slumming fever—"coming sometimes to see people who are ill or poor or old?"

"I don't mind people when they are really ill," said Molly, in her low voice, "but I like them best unconscious."

If she could have been unconscious herself of the circumstances that made her an heiress, Molly would have been a more genial character. As it was, she was miserable; because her fortune ought to have been Lady Rose Bright's, and she suspected it from the first, and knew it long before she made up her mind to perform a tardy act of reparation. "Great Possessions" has rather a heavy plot, and it is not quite easy to feel a burning interest in the weak but valorous Sir David Bright, whose moral cowardice left such a legacy of unhappiness behind it. Still, it is a well-written book, and a heroine of Molly's surly disposition is a novelty, for which one cannot be too grateful in this era of threadbare romances.

"The First Round."By ST. JOHN LUCAS.
(Methuen.)

Books will be written about the sufferings of sensitive people in a world made for thick-skinned ones until, we suppose, the end of all things; and they will continue to stand for interest, but scarcely for instruction. They contain a lesson that nobody learns. How can they? It is the boys of the artistic temperament who endure the miseries that befell Denis Yorke in "The First Round," and they of all people find it least easy to speak. We all know Byron's views of life at a great public school, as well as the impression he made upon his schoolfellows. How is the schoolmaster—setting the schoolboy aside for the moment—to discover, in his limited intercourse with his boys, that the lame one with the heavy brow and sundry affectations is a great and glorious exception to the rule of mediocrity that governs the mass? All this is very well brought out by Mr. St. John Lucas, who writes of a special case with much insight and understanding. Denis Yorke was not a poet, but he was a

musical genius, and he found himself a round peg in a square hole at the public school described by Mr. Lucas; which, by the way, shall be nameless, because he makes it so, although most people will have no difficulty in recognising it. School braced Denis, however, and he was happier there than in his home, where a father, at issue with him upon everything that really mattered, made his existence unbearable. The story, which is clever as well as sympathetic, takes Denis to the threshold of a presumably successful career, and leaves him there. He finds his manhood is suffering; but we are left hoping that the fulfilment of his art will bring him happiness. The real moral of "The First Round" is one that was pointed some time ago by an American humourist, who argued that geniuses ought to be kept by the State in an asylum. They cause much trouble, both to themselves and others, in the open world; put them under lock and key, with unlimited pens and paper, and let them follow Fancy with a butterfly-net round some green and flowery enclosure. This is not Mr. Lucas's moral, of course. He makes Denis discover that it is only by the adjustment of his relations with humanity that salvation can be attained. It is the orthodox conclusion, but at what a price it is attained!

"Re-Birth."By RATHMELL WILSON.
(Greening.)

"Re-Birth" is prefaced by such a blast of trumpets that it hardly stands a fair chance. This is not how an author convinces, with this fury of quotation and verbal extravagance. It is a thousand pities, for Mr. Rathmell Wilson has the sense of poetry and coloured imagery, and when he drops his self-conscious pose for the moment he shows himself to be a deft writer, and fully skilled in the tricks of his trade—and something, perhaps, a little better than that. His book is ostensibly a study of re-incarnation: we say "ostensibly" because the working out of this theory (or creed) is by far the weakest part of the romance of Percival Nairn, that clever and fanciful young man who took London by storm with his first play, and thrilled over his inheritance of a dead man's spirit, and talked with the eloquence of an American after-dinner speaker. How Percival Nairn *did* talk, to be sure! It is true he was a very young man and loved a moor where the wind whispered of crimes done long ago; but even these foibles hardly seem to justify his conversation with the stranger lady with the arms of a classic dancer, whom he heard reciting a "sad, sensuous poem" into the night. Mr. Rathmell Wilson says that it was inevitable that they should speak without an introduction, and Mr. Percival thought it "one of the most daring things which the moor had ever seen."

[Continued on page XII.]

AN APOLOGY AND AN EXPLANATION.

IT is with extreme regret that, during the past Season, we were compelled—owing to the extraordinary demand for personal interviews—to disappoint so many of our Patrons in regard to consultations with the celebrated Specialist, the originator and inventor of our world-renowned preparations. By the arrangements we are now making we trust that so many disappointments will not occur in the future. But we respectfully request our Patrons to assist us by intimating at the earliest possible opportunity the dates and hours which they desire to be reserved for them on our reception days; viz. on Tuesdays and Fridays in each week. These are the only days available for the public, as our Specialist is at all other times fully occupied in fulfilling her engagements with her own enormous private clientèle, which is recruited from all the leading beauties of the day from all quarters of the habitable world, and is numbered literally by thousands. It is our ardent desire that the time allotted to our Patients' requirements shall be occupied to the best advantage; and to this end it is essential that notice of appointments with our Specialist be given at least two weeks in advance. Appointments will be booked in the order that applications are received. In conclusion, we again ask our Patrons to kindly forgive any delay which has occurred; and we may add that our correspondence department has been reorganised so that in dealing with the immense volume of letters seeking advice and assistance by post, we shall be able to be as prompt in replying to same as heretofore.


It is impossible to over-emphasise the necessity, at the present time of the year, for all Ladies to take immediate action to counteract the evils arising from

exposure during the Summer Holiday, and to tone up and strengthen the skin and the complexion so that they may withstand the trying weather in the coming autumn and winter. To those who determine to repair the ravages of the past and to fortify themselves against the strain and stress of the future, we can offer invaluable help and promise a complete immunity from trouble and anxiety. By placing themselves under the care of our Specialist they will be able to rest assured that they will pass through the most trying part of the year scathless from all damage, and possessing a complexion of which they may be justly proud, and which will be the envy of all those who have not the foresight and discrimination to determine at the right moment to adopt the only safe and sure means of obtaining a brilliant and in every respect a healthful and beautiful skin. The means by which this desideratum can be attained are fully described in our valuable Book entitled "THE CULTIVATION AND PRESERVATION OF NATURAL BEAUTY" (which will be sent, free, to all Ladies mentioning the name of this Journal), and attention is particularly directed to the section of the Book dealing with "Home Treatment," where will be found full instructions, which, being followed, will most assuredly produce an immediate and surprisingly satisfactory result.



We take this opportunity of thanking our very numerous clientèle for their continued generous patronage and support, and also for their gracious and enthusiastic appreciation of the merits and efficacy of our products. It will be our constant aim to merit a continuance of the favour which has crowned our efforts up to now.—THE "CYCLAX" COMPANY, 58, South Molton Street, London, W.

Black
or tan
for men,
22s. 6d.

9808



Once
fitted,
always
fitted.

Write LOTUS, STAFFORD, for style booklet.


AJAX

"AJAX"
has come of Age.

ITS phenomenal success for the past twenty-one years as a hair tonic and dandruff eradicator, proves it to be the greatest known to modern science. It is sold by the principal Hairdressers, Perfumers and Chemists throughout the world at
4/6, 7/6, 10/6, and 25/- bottle.

And by the
Inventor & Sole Manufacturer:
CHARLES JASCHKE,
52, Regent Street,
London, W.

When ordering, please state if for Ladies and Children or Gentlemen.



BEAU BRUMMELL'S SECRET